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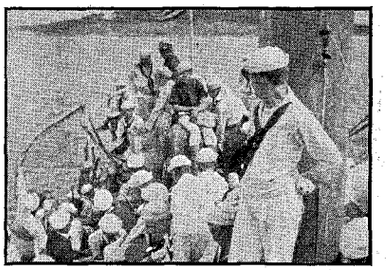

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MEDALLION OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The Roosevelt Memorial Association has provided an opportunity for its members to secure a most excellent medallion of Mr. Roosevelt. This medallion was designed by James E. Fraser, whose bust of Theodore Roosevelt is one of the best portrait studies of Mr. Roosevelt in existence. This bust is now in the Senate Chamber of the United States. Mr. Fraser will also be remembered by many who attended the San Francisco Exposition in 1915 as the sculptor who produced the remarkable statue "The End of the Trail." He is also the designer of our five-cent coin which bears the head of the Indian and the figure of a buffalo. The new medallion of Mr. Roosevelt is about the size of a twenty-dollar gold piece. The reproduction on this page is larger than the medal itself.

The trustees of the Roosevelt Memorial Association have voted to award this medal to any member of the Association hereafter securing five or more additional members with subscriptions aggregating not less than ten dollars. The medal will not be purchasable. Readers of The Outlook will remember from previous editorials that the Roosevelt Memorial Association is collecting funds for a threefold memorial to Colonel Roosevelt — a monument in Washington, a park at Oyster Bay, and a living memorial in the form of a National foundation for the development and application of Roosevelt's ideals for the benefit of the American people. The medal itself is well worth the effort necessary to secure it, and the money collected will go to a cause in which every American may take pride. The National headquarters of the Association, to which application for subscription blanks may be made, is at 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARIES

We have already reported the results of the Presidential primaries in Michigan and Illinois. Since the Michigan and Illinois contests there have been primary elections of significance in Georgia and Nebraska. The Republican party is of comparatively little moment in Georgia, although it will of course have representatives in the Chicago Convention. These are already pledged to Lowden. The chief interest in the Georgia primary was on the Democratic side. The contestants were Attorney-General Palmer, representing the Administration; Senator Hoke Smith, who is an opponent of the Administration; and Mr. Thomas Watson, a few years ago Nationally prominent as a Populistic radical. Mr. Watson, by the way, is a better author than politician, for his remarkable and unusually readable history of the French Revolution is likely to endure long after his erratic and ill-balanced influence on Georgia politics has passed away. Mr. Watson, although nominally a Democrat, is an opponent of the Administration. The primary in Georgia was to elect delegates to a convention which will, in turn, elect the delegates to the National Convention at San Francisco. Attorney-General Palmer carried the State, and a larger number of delegates will support him in the State Convention than either Senator Hoke Smith or Mr. Watson. This is the more significant because Mr. Palmer is a Northern man and Senator Smith and Mr. Watson are Georgians. It is true that if Senator Smith and Mr. Watson should combine their forces in the State Convention they could outvote the Palmer representatives, but we should think that there was little likelihood of such a coalition taking place. The political theories and practices of Senator Smith and Mr. Watson are as divergent as oil and water.

FOUNDER'S MEDAL OF THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, DESIGNED BY JAMES E. FRASER

THE NEBRASKA CONTEST

Perhaps the chief value of the primary struggles is to show the currents of public opinion and the influence of those currents upon the National election of November. For this reason the Democratic contest in Nebraska rather overshadowed in political and human interest the Republican contest. General Pershing, General Wood, and Senator Johnson were the Republican candidates. The popular demand in Nebraska, according to the figures of the primary vote, is for Mr. Johnson first, General Wood second, and General Pershing a considerably outdistanced third.

It should be remembered that Nebraska has a somewhat radical history in politics; it was one of the centers of the Populist movement of twenty-five years ago. There were during the war period perhaps more pro-Germans in Nebraska in proportion to population than in any other State in the Union except Wisconsin. It is fair to surmise that Senator Johnson's vote included the radical and pro-German elements. There is no question that the result of the primaries in Illinois and Nebraska greatly increases the importance of Senator Johnson's candidacy. It is equally clear that he is to be the champion of the extreme radicals in the Chicago Convention.

THE PRIMARIES AND THE ADMINISTRATION

The Nebraska primary was, however, more interesting on the Democratic side. Just before this primary election Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, who has been a loyal and consistent supporter of President Wilson's policy and course on the League of Nations, came out in a public statement courteously but frankly criticising President Wilson in these words:

> Of course Woodrow Wilson made mistakes. He made a mistake when he proceeded to negotiate a Treaty of Peace without taking a few leading members of the Senate into his confidence. He made a mistake when he hurt the feelings of proud Senators by ignoring them until after he had negotiated the Treaty. If he had catered to and consulted with those Senators, he would have had an easy time with ratification. He lacked the tact and forethought. He knew that the Constitution placed in his hands the negotiation of treaties, and he unwisely assumed that if he performed his duty the Senate would do its duty and consent to ratification.

The utterance of this criticism just before the Nebraska primaries is an indica-

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tion that Senator Hitchcock believes that Nebraska Democrats are in sympathy with Mr. Bryan, who as long ago as last January came out openly against President Wilson's management of the League of Nations issue. Senator Hitchcock also expressed sympathy with the "wets," from which it has been inferred that, if successful in Nebraska, a strong effort will be made in San Francisco to have a plank in the National Democratic platform favoring the admission of beer and light wine in the definition of alcoholic beverages under the Prohibition Amendment. But, somewhat to the surprise of political observers, Mr. Bryan and at least one of his associates were elected delegates for Nebraska. If Mr. Bryan has a seat on the floor of the San Francisco Convention, he will lead a very strong opposition against any attempt to evade a strict construction of the Prohibition Amendment, and will also, it is believed, oppose any effort to nominate a ticket or write a platform supporting President Wilson's ironclad opposition to the Peace Treaty without reservations. So far the results in both the Republican and Democratic primaries throughout the country indicate a public opinion, not necessarily opposed to the idea of the League of Nations in the intransigeant spirit of the Democratic Senator Reed or the Republican Senator Johnson, but certainly opposed to President Wilson's stiff-necked insistence upon the Covenant of the League as he presented it with no reservations at all.

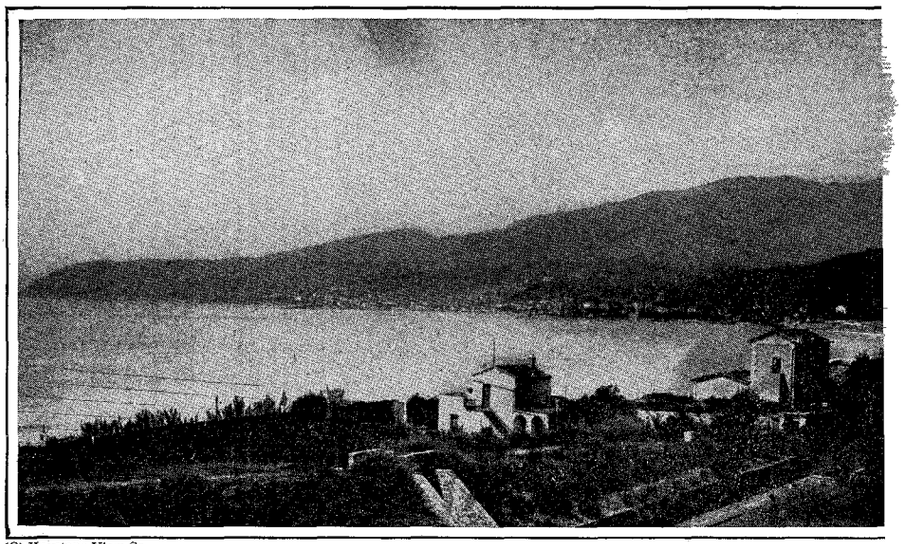
A COAL TRUST DISSOLVED

An important case involving alleged violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act has just been decided by the United States Supreme Court. An action was brought by the United States Government some six or seven years ago to compel the dissolution of a holding corporation known as the Reading Company. It was charged that this company, through its control of the Reading Railway Company and a company known as the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, which in turn controlled separate mining companies, restrained trade and prevented competition. This the Supreme Court now says was the case, and adds that the purpose was accomplished by "an adroit division of property and of corporate agency." Thus, says the majority opinion of the Supreme Court (the decision was made by a four-to-three vote of the Court), the Reading Company secured the dominating control, and this was done by "deliberate, calculated purchase for control."

In other words, the holding company, the decision states, coutrols two separate mining companies, which should be competitors, but which are not allowed to compete. This, the Court holds, is clear violation of the Sherman Act provision about restraint of trade. Moreover, the "commodities clause" of the Hepburn Act forbade railways from transporting in inter-State commerce, except for the purpose of their own use, any commodity in which they had any interest, direct or indirect, and the Court holds that this law has been violated also.

One singular result of the decision was the immediate rise in price of the Reading Railway Company's stock, a rise which amounted to from twelve to fifteen points. The fact recalls the attempt of the Supreme Court to dissolve the Standard Oil Company. What happened then suggests that what cannot be done directly may be done by indirection. In this case apparently the stockholders of the railway company believe that the dissolution between the holding company and the railway and mining companies will result in something equivalent to a stock dividend for the stockholders of the railway company.

The anthracite industry is in its nature more subject to combination and less adapted for free competition than most industries. This is because of the limited anthracite territory and the limitation also of possible production as compared with soft coal. The Supreme Court and the Inter-State Commerce Commission have always held that the same interests should not be allowed to carry on in combination the coal mining, the coal transportation, and the coal distributing business. It is evident that if this combination exists in any form the consumer is practically at the mercy of the controlling interests, for those interests may shift their profit-taking to any one of the three branches of the combined business as the pressure through laws or business conditions makes most desirable.



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SAN REMO, THE ITALIAN TOWN IN WHICH THE ALLIES' SUPREME COUNCIL MET

THE ALLIES IN ACCORD

The declaration made public by t representatives of the Allied Pow at San Remo last week is in effect justification of that action by Fran which checked Germany's violation treaty obligations. The point and purpo of France's occupation of German cit was to make it clear to the German mi that what would not be tolerated for moment without repressive and retal tory action by France was disregard Germany of the military clauses of t Treaty. The San Remo declaration mak this position taken by France the comm attitude of the Allies, for the declarati says: "The Allies realize the difficulti met by the German Government, and not seek to impose too narrow an inte pretation of the Treaty, but they a unanimous in declaring that they cann tolerate a continuation of these infractio of the Treaty of Versailles; that t Treaty must be executed and remain the basis of relations between Germa and the Allies, and that they are resolv to take all measures, *even, if necessa the occupation of an additional part German territory* [italics ours], in ord to insure execution of the Treaty. Th affirm, however, that they have no i tention of annexing any part of t German territory."

Furthermore, the Powers flatly a positively, indeed even curtly, refu the request of Germany that she be a thorized to retain an army of 200,000 m instead of 100,000, as provided in t Treaty. As has been pointed out, Ge many does not need military airships heavy guns or large forces of regul troops in order to improve her industri and commercial situation. The discussi and agreement at San Remo lays e phasis on Germany's failure to comp with Treaty provisions as to disarm ment. The crux of the Ruhr Valley sit ation was not that Germany was su

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essing industrial revolution, but that e was making of industrial revolution a etense to move and concentrate her mies, and thus to make a precedent hich would be of the utmost danger to ance.

The Allies are willing to listen to ermany's representatives and to meet erman delegates in order to consider hat interpretation of the Treaty is best r all concerned as regards Germany's onomic future and the building up of dustrial conditions so as to make it ssible for her to fulfill her obligations. meeting with the German Chancellor is take place at Spa in Belgium on May). But they are not willing for a moment allow Germany to violate the Treaty st and discuss the matter afterwards.

The San Remo meeting certainly ought France and Great Britain more osely together. They tell Germany that the unity of the Allies for execution of ie Treaty is as solid as it was for war." he incident of France's advance has id the good effect of proving to the llies themselves that there are occasions hen prompt action is so necessary that stant joint decision must be made or ie Power most immediately concerned ust act. It is fair to assume that hereter there will be less "shilly-shally" id theoretical discussion if Germany gain affronts the Powers. And, first of l, if this declaration is followed out, ermany will be quickly forced to fulfill r broken pledges about disarmament, struction of war material, and the dease of her armies.

RMENIA AND THE NITED STATES

THE press announces that the conference or council of the Allies at San emo is asking America to accept a andatory for Armenia and asking resident Wilson to act as an arbitrator id determine what the boundaries of the w Armenia should be. It is quite clear at our country is in no position to acpt a mandatory for any foreign community. It is divided in sentiment on the estion whether it ought to assume any sponsibility for communities outside s own geographical boundaries. In the esent condition of the President's health, ie disorganized condition of the Adinistration, and the divided sentiment the country, we are in no position to edge ourselves to protect Armenia, and ould be very unlikely to fulfill adeately such a pledge if we were to make . But we can see no reason why the resident might not accept appointment an arbitrator to determine the boundies of Armenia, provided the conditions which have always been attached to ternational arbitration are complied with. A correspondent of the New York "Times" suggests that if the President assumed the position of arbitrator it would be the duty of America to enforce his decision. This seems to us absurd. Neither in national nor international arbitration has the arbitrator ever assumed the responsibility of enforcing his decision. If the President should accede to this request of the Powers, either the parties immediately concerned—Turkey, Armenia, probably Greece, and perhaps England and France, since they have accepted a mandatory for neighboring countries—should agree beforehand to abide by the decision of the arbitrator, or else the European Powers should agree to enforce that decision by whatever military power may be required for the purpose. Upon this condition America, through its President, might well determine for the suffering Armenians what their boundaries should be.

CAILLAUX

ON April 22 the French Senate, sitting as a High Court, convicted Joseph Caillaux, former Prime Minister of France, not, as was anticipated by some, of high treason, but of having been close to treasonable ambitions. The verdict read: "Guilty of commerce and correspondence with the enemy." As interpreted by the Senators, who were the judges, "commerce" did not mean financial trading; it meant commerce by means of common ideas. "Correspondence," in this particular case, was employed in the sense of association.

Thus closes a case, famous, first, because of the principal figure's prominence; second, because of the circumstances attending his accusation.

In 1899 Caillaux became Minister of Finance in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet. Later he was appointed to the same post by Premier Clemenceau. In 1911 Caillaux became Premier himself, and two years later was Minister of Finance in the Doumergue Cabinet. In the following year his wife killed Gaston Calmette, editor of "Figaro," actuated by Calmette's savage criticisms of her husband, who before the war had already aroused suspicion of graft, political corruption, and a weakness for Germany. During the war, so the evidence goes to show, Caillaux was in touch with individuals, such as the executed Bolo Pasha, who were known to be either German agents or those who had dealings with Germans. He expected, so the evidence indicated, to come back to power when France should weary of the war, confess defeat, and signify her willingness to accept a German-made peace. In January, 1918, Clemenceau, again Premier, ordered Caillaux's arrest. The prisoner has been under detention for twenty-seven months.

The verdict meant a prison sentence of three years, but the twenty-seven months entitle him to that much reduction from his sentence of thirty-six months; in addition, under the French prison regulations, nine months in a cell constitutes a year's detention. The court decree, however, prevents him from living in several departments and cities of France. Another feature of the penalty inflicted upon Caillaux is the loss both of his right

Wide World Photos

THE TRIAL OF FORMER PREMIER CAILLAUX, IN THE FRENCH SENATE, FOR TREASON
M. Léon Bourgeois, President of the Court, stands at the desk at the left (reading document). M. Caillaux (cross at side) is seated at the right

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to vote and of his eligibility to hold public office.

Such a man's acquittal would have been, as was his wife's discharge before the war, a travesty on justice. Fortunately, French history is not altogether made up of travesties. There are also, and, we think, predominantly, great passages in it of pure justice.

THE EDUCATIONAL BONUS LAW OF WISCONSIN

In studying the problem of bonus legislation, it may be interesting to make an impartial survey of what one of the States has already done for its ex-soldiers. Many States have already passed bonus legislation of one kind or another, but the legislation of the State of Wisconsin affords perhaps the most interesting example of benefits actually conferred upon men who saw service in the war.

The State of Wisconsin was one of the first States to outline a comprehensive manner of expressing its gratitude to its soldiers in the war. There were three elements in its programme:

1. The provision was made for some immediate aid to soldiers during their period of convalescence, and particularly for the period until the Federal authorities could provide adequately for the disabled and wounded soldiers. To fulfill this part of the programme the State organized what was known as the Service Recognition Board and appropriated for this purpose $500,000. The 1919 State Legislature made provision for this early in the session.

2. The second part of its programme was to provide some form of cash bonus for the soldiers that should be paid at the earliest possible moment. And during the 1919 regular session there was passed a cash bonus bill providing that each soldier in the service should receive $10 for each month in service, with a minimum of $50 for persons who had been in the service less than five months. This bill provided for raising during the year 1919–20 a tax of $15,000,000, $8,000,000 of which was to be raised by income tax on the incomes of 1918, and the remainder to be raised by a property tax.

3. The State, not satisfied with this provision for its soldiers, considered during the regular session an educational bonus for soldiers providing for $30 a month while they were in regular attendance at educational institutions of college grade. The Governor felt that the law was too restrictive in its operation and vetoed it, but promised that the State Board of Education would make an inquiry into the whole subject in cooperation with the Adjutant-General. This was done, and as a result of a very comprehensive investigation recommendations were submitted to the Governor, which he made the basis of a call for a special legislative session after the service men indicated their desire to take advantage of any educational opportunity that might be offered.

The special session met on September 8, and within two days had passed the Educational Bonus Law, providing educational opportunities for a period of five years to the ex-service men of the State and to cost, at a maximum, $10,000,000 during the five-year period. The law provides three forms of educational opportunity:

1. A full-time educational opportunity extending over a period of four years for each person, with a bonus of $1,080 payable in monthly installments of $30 per month. There is no restriction upon the grade of school which may be attended. Under this provision of the law there are a few students in the elementary schools, many in the intermediate schools, and some are pursuing the highest research work in the universities and professional schools. There is no restriction upon the kind of educational opportunity that may be secured. More than 3,000 students are attending the colleges of the State, 500 are attending the normal schools, 313 are in the high schools, and the remainder are in special schools within the State, except for almost 300 students who are in out-of-State institutions. Some indication of the character of the work which these students take may be shown by the special types of institutions that some of them are attending: A school of osteopathy, institute of technology, academy of fine arts, college of dental surgery, a theological seminary, a school of watchmaking, a veterinary college, a school of aviation, a college of photography, a monotype school, a flute-playing school, a college of ophthalmology, a textile school, and an institution for the blind. At the present time more than 5,000 students have been assigned under this section of the law.

2. The second type of educational opportunity offered is that of correspondence instruction through the University Extension Division. The four hundred courses of the University Extension Division are offered without cost to any of the soldier bonus men who are not in full-time regular attendance at educational institutions. This privilege is therefore available to the 100,000 bonus men who are receiving the cash bonus of $10 a month for each month in service. More than 2,100 are taking advantage of this provision of the law.

3. The third educational opportunity is the provision for special instruction in special classes wherever fifteen ex-service men or women join together in a petition to the State Board of Education for the organization of such classes in their home cities. At the present time about fifteen such classes have been organized.

The Educational Bonus Law of Wisconsin is attracting considerable attention in various States in the Union particularly in Montana, New Jersey, and Maryland. The Maryland Legislature which recently adjourned, has had before it a bill similar to the Wisconsin bill which was passed almost unanimously by their Assembly, but was held up in the Senate Finance Committee and killed. Inquiries from other parts of the country are coming to Major Edward A. Fitzpatrick, Secretary of the Wisconsin State Board of Education, daily, and it would seem highly probable that in the Legislatures having sessions beginning January, 1921, the Wisconsin idea may be used as the basis of further soldier bonus legislation.

HARVARD LETS DOWN A PIECE OF A BAR

The Harvard Graduate School of Education has been definitely established by vote of the Governing Boards of Harvard University, and it has been finally decided that the new school will admit women. Henry Wyman Holmes, now Professor of Education at Harvard, has been elected Dean.

The decision to admit women to the new school is of special interest. This is the first time that women have been admitted to any regular department of Harvard University. Certain organizations connected with that University, such as the Harvard Summer School and the School of Public Health, have admitted women, but no regular department has done so in the history of Harvard. The adoption of the new policy necessitates a change in the statutes of the University. This new step, which has been expected for some time, was taken as a result of the feeling at Harvard that women play far too important a part in the work of American schools to permit a graduate school of education to exclude them without losing a great opportunity for usefulness. The general policy of Harvard with respect to co-education is said to be not at all affected by this decision. The Harvard authorities consider the fundamental question of advantages and disadvantages of co-education to be a question still to be settled by study and investigation, and they hope that in the study of problems such as this the new Harvard School of Education can play an important part. It is not now expected, therefore, that any other Harvard departments will follow the example of the school in admitting women.

Nor is there any absolute principle under which such a course is definitely desirable. There is no more reason why

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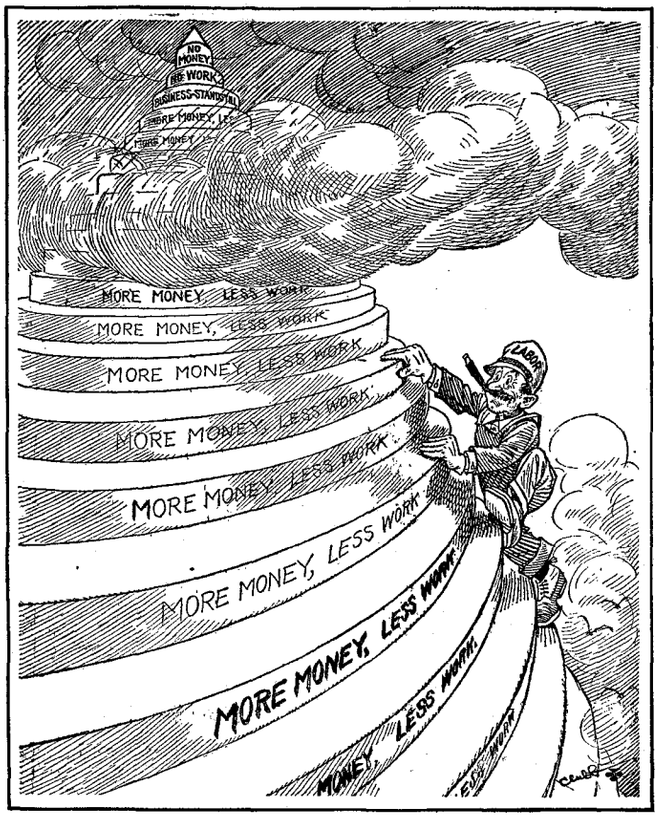
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Clubb in the Rochester Herald



NEARING THE PEAK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

LILLIPUTIANS AROUSING THE GIANT

Thomas in the Detroit News

THE PORTIA OF POLITICS

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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HEADING THE PARADE!

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Harvard, Yale, and Princeton should become entirely co-educational than there is for a similar change being made at Vassar, Smith, or Wellesley, or for the State Universities to abandon their present excellent system of admitting both men and women on equal terms. The educational idealist who wishes to reduce everything to the dead level of uniformity is no friend of education.

The establishment of the Harvard School was made possible by a gift of half a million dollars from the General Education Board and by the allocation to the school of nearly eight hundred thousand dollars from the Harvard Endowment Fund. The remainder of the endowment of two million was collected by the University. The fund thus raised has been named in honor of Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University.

A SHORT BILL LONG DELAYED

THERE is a short bill which has passed the Senate, but which seems to have struck a snag in the House of Representatives. It is a military bill, and one which believers in compulsory training, on the one hand, and Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, on the other, ought to accept with enthusiasm. We publish the bill here in full:

A BILL

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That so much of the act of Congress entitled "An act to regulate enlistments in the Army of the United States," approved August 1, 1894, as provides that "in time of peace no person (except an Indian) who cannot speak, read, and write the English language" be, and the same is hereby repealed.

Previous to the World War it was undesirable to enlist non-English-speaking recruits, but during the war Army officers, making a virtue of a necessity and with a large vision of the possibilities for Americanization which lay in military service, developed a system of teaching their foreign-tongued recruits to read and write English. The system has emphasized not only the learning of our language, but also the absorption of our National ideas and ideals. The Outlook has described this recruit educational training in previous issues, and may have occasion to do so again in the near future.

If this bill fails of passage, all this carefully developed system of constructive Americanization will go by the board. So far as we know, there is no opposition to the bill save that to be found in Congressional indifference. Somehow it seems as though Congress could find time to pass so short a bill with such large possibilities of benefit.

THE REAL ISSUE

THE country is very much stirred up over the question who shall be the nominees from whom the people must select their next President. But the real issue before the American people is very much more important than that.

The world to-day may be divided into two parties. They are composed of different groups, but there is a fundamental dividing line between the two. One believes that the community should own all property employed in industry, should manage and control all industries, should allot to each man his job, and should determine for each man his income. The other party believes in the inalienable right of every man to select his job, to determine under what conditions and with what comrades he will do his work, and to possess the wealth which by his industry he produces, under such Government control as may be necessary to protect the personal rights and promote the general welfare of all. One party believes in Government ownership of all capital and Government management of all industry; the other party believes in individual ownership of capital and in industrial liberty.

The first and most fundamental question for the people of the United States to determine next fall is this: Which of these two principles do they approve? In which direction do they wish the Nation to turn its steps—toward the community ownership of property and community management of industry, or toward individual ownership and industrial liberty?

This issue is under discussion in all the civilized nations. In Russia in very considerable sections communism is already at least temporarily established. All the property is owned and all the industries are controlled by the Government, under the direction of able, autocratic, and unscrupulous leaders. In Germany the people, dazed by the sudden disaster of a wholly unexpected defeat, are tossed helplessly back and forth between communism and militarism, the despotism of the mob and the despotism of the army. In France and Italy the rights of property and the liberty of industry are still preserved; but they are threatened. If Bolshevism, triumphant in western Russia, should triumph in Germany, it might easily become a serious peril to all neighboring nations. In England and America Anglo-Saxon traditions still prevail, but they are not unquestioned; and in America, with its large foreign and unassimilated populations, an active propaganda against the rights of private property and industrial liberty is carried on by fanatical agitators, counseled and encouraged by benevolently minded but unbalanced enthusiasts, and liable at any time to be reinforced by revolutionary groups angered by real or fancied injustice.

Thus the industrial problem is a world problem. And this fact raises the second question on which the American people are to vote next fall. Shall we recognize this as a world problem and unite with other civilized nations in the resolve to protect the right of every individual to direct his life, select his job, and own the product of his industry? Or shall we treat our industrial problem as a purely domestic problem, try to persuade ourselves that the condition of the rest of the world does not concern us, and look on with serene indifference while Bolshevism triumphs in Russia, anarchy in Germany, and both threaten modern civilization in France and Italy, and perhaps even in England?

The third question which the people of the United States have to determine next November is, To what political party will they give a power of attorney to conduct the affairs of their Government during the next critical four years?

Each one of these three questions is more important than the question who shall be the nominees for President from whom we must make our choice next fall, or even the question, Whom should the people elect?

We have no candidate to nominate for the Presidency. While both our traditions and our predilections incline us to favor the party of Washington not of Jefferson, of Lincoln not of Buchanan, of Roosevelt not of Wilson, we reserve our judgment respecting parties and candidates in the coming Presidential election until the parties have indicated their programmes and their candidates.

But we believe in the four fundamental rights of man: his right to his life, and therefore to liberty; to the products of his own industry, and therefore to personal property; to the sacredness of the family, on which his happiness chiefly depends and in which his greatest service to the world is rendered; and to his reputation, which no liar has a right by private gossip or public address to stain.

These inalienable rights are to-day attacked from a new quarter and by new forces. It is the right and the duty of all civilized nations to co-operate in protecting them from criminal fanatics, operating behind a screen of sometimes generous-minded enthusiasts. This is a new phase of an age-long campaign between the claim of the few to govern the many and the right of the many to govern themselves. The right of every man to direct his own life, and, in comradeship with his fellow-men, to direct the life of their community, is a divine right. The remedy for whatever despotism capitalists have

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possessed is not the substitute of another despotism—that of the proletariat; the remedy is the well-guarded liberty of the individual. To maintain and develop that liberty should be the common aim and should have the co-operative action of all liberty-loving peoples.

No man is entitled to the vote of loyal Americans unless he believes, and the party which he represents believes, in the rights of industrial liberty and private ownership, and is ready to co-operate with all Americans at home and with all civilized communities abroad in protecting those inalienable rights.

LABOR AND THE OPEN SHOP

ON another page Senator Poindexter discusses the labor question with his accustomed vigor. With the legal aspects of his argument we are in hearty agreement. He has justice, reason, and precedent behind him when he says that "private citizens are not allowed to settle their disputes by force" and that by the same logic groups of employers and employees "cannot be allowed to settle their differences by the application of force and violence." Organizations of labor, as we have more than once said, must be made as responsible to the law as organizations of capital, and some way must be found by which essential industries shall not be brought to a standstill by industrial quarrels.

But we cannot agree with Senator Poindexter that what is known as the "open shop" will remedy the evils which he so clearly points out. Theoretically every worker, whether he be a hand-worker or brain-worker, "should be free to pursue his vocation as one of his inalienable rights." But the history of trade-unionism shows that in our industrial system the workman was not free to pursue his vocation when the "open shop" was the prevailing condition in factory, mine, railway, and workshop. The open shop meant the absolute control of the worker by the employer. Skilled artisans throughout the civilized world have come to believe, and we think their belief is justified by their experience, that trade unions have greatly improved their material condition. The open shop, with the essential right which it confers on the employer to fix wages, to determine conditions and hours of labor, and to discharge at will, has come to be as abhorrent to the wage-worker as Senator Poindexter says the trade union is to the employer.

Out of the seventy-four years' struggle for supremacy between capital and labor has grown the present system of collective bargaining between organizations of employers and organizations of workmen. Whether we like it or not, we can no more go back to the open shop, which means the unquestioned supremacy of the employer, than we can go back to the hand loom for our clothes or to the town crier for our news. We can palliate the evils of the two warring camps in industry, the combinations of capital in one camp and the trade unions in the other, by compelling both to submit to the regulation of law. But the evils can be removed only by going forward, not backward.

What is the goal of such forward progress? Partnership between capital and labor instead of antagonism and warfare.

Is there any prospect of such a goal being reached? To us the prospect seems brighter to-day, in spite of the crippling strikes in productive industry, than it has been for twenty-five years.

The promise for the future lies in the rapid spread among both employers and employees of the idea of what is called in general terms Industrial Democracy, or in specific language the Shop Committee Plan. The fundamental principle of this idea is that the wage-workers shall have, through the election of delegates or committees, some voice in the management of industry, especially as regards hours and conditions of labor, productive efficiency, and profits. If, through the practical application of this principle, capital and labor can be converted from inimical and mutually suspicious antagonists into partners working for mutual interests and with mutual confidence, American industry may enter upon a phase of productive efficiency and creative satisfaction such as it has never known before in its entire history.

"SWEETISM"

SENATOR DAVENPORT in another column has written about the political enormity of the so-called Lusk Bills which passed the New York State Legislature by large majorities, and which, if actively administered, would put the human mind of the State of New York into a strait-jacket, under rigid secret police discipline. Such action by an American legislative body in the twentieth century seems incredible, but it is by no means the whole story of a session appalling in its possibilities of political and social disaster. Sweetism—that is, the political philosophy and practice of one Thaddeus C. Sweet, for the time being Speaker of the New York Assembly—has shown itself in nearly every aspect of legislative activity this winter as an ominous recrudescence of the most reactionary Bourbonism.

Representing the spirit and purpose of the smaller-visioned but controlling legislative element of the Republican machine, it seems to have lost all human touch. Sweetism makes the Tammany machine men in the New York Legislature look like real leaders of the people. Almost any small man can be a political czar under the system of rules prevailing in the Assembly of the State of New York, and he can be a very dangerous czar just because he is small. The method of the trial of the five Socialists, the stupid Lusk Bills, establishing secret police and espionage all through the State over labor and school-teachers and all private opinion of every kind, the powerful lobbies overrunning the Legislature under Sweetism, the entire lack of constructive imagination, the chaos and disorder and impotence towards the end—these and many other signs indicate that the Republican party in the State of New York, if it does not wish to bring on a catastrophe, must crush Sweetism and all that it stands for, and bring to the front in the coming campaign issues and leaders in touch with the vast and intricate needs and responsibilities of the time.

OVERALLS

NEWSPAPER columns are full these days of stories concerning the latest panacea for the high cost of living—overalls. In fact, we have a very grave suspicion that newspaper columns are much fuller of this panacea than the minds of the people. The photographs, for instance, of people in overalls which have decorated the news columns are so suggestive of unmussed perfection that they do not carry with them the conviction that they should. Two of these photographs, by the way, are reproduced in this issue of The Outlook, and we leave our readers to judge whether they were staged for the occasion or not.

Even if the overall propaganda is something more than a good newspaper yarn, we suspect that its effect upon the high cost of living will be something less than noticeable. As a measure of individual thrift, to eke out a stock of old clothes until the price of garments begins to descend, the overall may serve a useful purpose. Beyond that the overall campaign signifies nothing but a futile protest against present conditions; and a protest which does not lead to effective action is bad psychology and bad business.

What is really needed is indicated by a story which a manufacturer of a product essential to the building of homes recently told to an editor of The Outlook. He said: "There is a certain raw material which we need badly. If we do not secure a supply within the next two weeks, we will have to shut down part of our plant. This raw

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material is brought to us by boat from the South. We have a large supply ordered and on its way from a Southern port. In fact, the shipment has been on its way for some time, for the steamer which is carrying it has made four trips to New York without being able to unload this vital supply for our business. It cannot unload here because of the tie-up of strike conditions on the wharves. It does not unload at the other end of the journey, for there is always an optimistic feeling that 'next trip conditions will be better.'"

The cost of taking that raw material on a yachting trip will be paid for by some one. We doubt whether the steamship company will pay for it. We are sure that the manufacturing company will, quite properly, pass the cost of the delay along to its customers if it can. The man who buys the finished product to use in the repair or building of houses will not be slow about passing the additional cost along to his tenants. In the end the cost of this adventure in transportation will percolate down to the very freight-handlers or the very employers who made the original useless expenditure necessary.

The cost of living will come down only when the cost of production leads the decline. We fail to see how the overall campaign can do much to get the procession started.

Knott in the Dallas News

THE TWO EXTREMES AND THE HAPPY MEDIUM

THRIFT—INDIVIDUAL, SOCIAL, GOVERNMENTAL

RECENTLY in New York City, Governor Lowden, of Illinois, called attention to the necessity of practicing thrift. As he himself has practiced thrift for Illinois during his Governorship of that State, his remarks had special weight. He urged clergymen to preach sermons against "the present orgy of extravagant buying and the importance of cultivating thrift;" called the women of that State to make clear the manner in which they may co-operate to prevent further increase in the cost of living by abstention from the purchase of luxuries so that more labor may be released for the production of essentials; recommended first the adoption of a budget system for family finances as an intelligent check upon extravagant buying, and then personal marketing, a knowledge of fair market prices and the adherence to them in purchasing.

The latest number of "The Annals" of the American Academy of Political and Social Science deals largely with this subject, and comprises many articles of value on individual, social, and governmental thrift. From this number we extract a few significant facts and pertinent suggestions:

> The present period has not been characterized by habits of personal thrift on the part of the American public. Savings deposits have increased, but not in proportion to the general increase in prices. A considerable part of the Government's war issues is still in the hands of the banks. Here they have aggravated living costs by their use as collateral for bank loans, the proceeds of which have been used for speculation.

During the war we accustomed ourselves to doing without, to buying carefully, to using economically. But with the close of the war came reaction. "A veritable orgy of extravagant buying is going on. Reckless spending takes the place of saving, waste replaces conservation; demands for shorter hours and greater profits increase; and all this in the face of an appalling shortage of goods throughout the world."

But mere saving is not thrift. Thrift is to the individual what conservation is to the nation. "It does not consist in hoarding resources, but in their wise use. The weekly wage properly spent is thrift, even though not a penny may have been put into a savings account or the purchase of a home. . . . If a worker has borrowed from his fund of physical energy to put money in a savings account, it is a disastrous form of thrift; he has merely taken a part of his vital resource and turned it into property. The underpaid workman will not find the way out of his difficulty in a thrift policy which compels him to tighten his own belt." Hence the demand for shorter hours, higher standards of living, and a co-operative commonwealth to be reached, not through saving, but through wise spending, is not inconsistent with true thrift. This is the advantage of the co-operative movement; it does not inculcate the kind of thrift which results in low standards of living, and does not unduly depress consumption during the saving period. One of the contributors to this thrift programme, Professor Hansen, suggests an extension through Government in order to increase home ownership:

> The Federal Farm Loan Act makes provision for the utilization of the co-operative credit of the Nation for the laudable purpose of helping farmers to become landowners. Why should not the Nation's credit be mobilized in some similar fashion for the purpose of assisting our citizens to become home-owners?

Governmental thrift no less than individual thrift is necessary to National prosperity. Professor Zook, of the Pennsylvania State College, points out that the sale of the 1918 series of War Savings Stamps exceeded $1,015,000,000. This splendid success made men feel that the stamp system should be continued to show to Americans that thrift was as necessary after the war as during the war. Had individual thrift thus been properly developed our Governmental situation would be different from what it is. But the number of stamps sold during 1919 fell far below the mark set for that year in 1918. Together with this came a realization of three things: (1) The prodigious scale of our public expenditures; (2) the unprecedented weight of our direct tax levies; (3) the excessive volume of our Governmental borrowing.

Before the war about one-sixth of the wealth annually produced by us was saved, and practically all accrued to the Nation's industrial and financial capital account. But during the war much, if not most, of our customary industrial expansion was suspended. Any increase in individual savings was absorbed by the Government and used directly or indirectly in furtherance of war production. Thus "most of the savings appropriated for public use in the time of our war emergency represent something which, from the point of view of the Nation's peace-time economy, must be regarded as unproductive expenditure and economic waste."

Aside from the evident lesson of saving as applied to individuals or to societies, the American Government needs not only to save but to look facts in the face. It can do so by establishing what it has never yet had, a National budget. At the present time the head of the bureaus in the departments at Washington prepare estimates of alleged necessary expenses and send them to the heads of the department. In some cases, as Mr. Charles Wallace Collins, the author of "A National Budget System," points out, this head may order certain reductions in the estimates of a bureau, "but this is exceptional." The estimates are sent to the Secretary of the Treasury, who is required to classify them and have them printed in the "Book of Estimates," but he has no power to review the estimates or to suggest reductions. He transmits the "Book of Estimates" to the House of Representatives, but does not include in it an estimate of the revenues and suggestions for new taxation, if necessary. When the estimates reach the House, they are given to a number of independent appropriating committees.

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urteen appropriation bills follow, suc-ded later in the year by one or more ficiency bills. The reporting commit-s do not consult with each other in the urse of their work, nor, as Mr. Collins ys, "do any of them attempt to gain a w of the finances of the Government a whole." The result of course is un-cessary expenditure, wastefulness, and travagance.

Thrift demands that the Government adopt a plan which will centralize executive responsibility and control, and direct the President to submit to Congress at the beginning of each session a National budget, to contain an estimate of the Government's revenues, with recommendations for new taxation if these revenues are insufficient to meet the estimated and necessary expenditures. The co-ordination and revision of the estimates should be done through a budget bureau by highly trained experts protected in their position by the Civil Service rules. There should also be provided an independent audit of the Government accounts. With such a system we might have Governmental thrift. Without some such plan Government thrift is not to be expected; is, indeed, almost impossible.

These suggestions all come from men who are experts in the field of economic and social science.

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KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WHY ARE WE HERE?

THE following letter has come to me from an Unknown Friend:

I want to ask you if some time you won't tell us what your theory is as to why we are here at all." This is a sincere question, in my mind.

I have a dear little son (born after his father's death). I sometimes think, "What was the use of bringing him into the world?" I would not have considered for a moment of doing otherwise. But the question recurs to me: "What's the use? Why are we here; why did God create earth?" Not to have an answer to this question is disconcerting to any other philosophy which I build up. No doubt I could find an answer in the Bible if I only knew how to find it. I can't seem to interpret the Bible to my satisfaction.

It were well if more men and women ked themselves this wise question. The fering answers which are given to it eate not only different schools of phi-ophy, but, what is much more impor-nt, different standards of life and con-ct.

I have recently been reading Alexan-r Black's story "The Great Desire." interprets dramatically the different sires which control us and the different swers which our would-be public teach-give to this question, "Why are we re?" The Socialist replies:

> Socialism has had a thousand, maybe ten thousand, definitions. Yet what Socialists want is simple enough. That does not make it easy to describe that want. Gravitation or electrolysis is simple, too. But they are not easy to describe. However, . . . I think we may say that the Socialists want *applied* brotherhood. Not merely brotherhood talk but brotherhood *practice*—not merely a sentiment or even a system, but a *life* expressing brotherhood. I think we may say that the Socialists want co-ordinated liberty, opportunity safeguarded by true equality; a fruit of labor assured by a common glory of labor, peace assured by common need and common cause, happiness not as a private gift, but as a public blessing.

This desire for "happiness, not as a ivate gift, but as a public blessing," e Anarchist repudiates with scorn:

> Happiness! . . . What is it? It is a dream, a name, an illusion . . . at most, of course, an effect. . . . The need written in every living form and every part of every living form, the need sighing, singing, gnawing, struggling, aspiring throughout the whole cycle of created things, is the need for self-expression. You don't ask the flowers to be happy—you ask them to be themselves—each, utterly in its own way. . . . I want self-expression for all the creatures of the earth *on the terms they can naturally make*—without diagrams invented by self-appointed viceroys of an impossible god. . . . This is why I am an Anarchist. This is what Anarchism means. Every individual opposition to the existing order of things is illuminated by the spiritual light of Anarchism. It is the philosophy of the sovereignty of the individual.

If happiness is what we are here for, this is a very ill-ordered world. For sorrow is written on every page of the book of life which humanity is writing. The babe comes into life through a door of pain. His first voice is a cry. And when his drama ends, though his last expression may be a smile, the wife and children and friends that surround him struggle in vain to suppress all expressions of their poignant grief.

The youth sits at life's loom and plans to weave a fabric of beauty, with golden and silver threads running through it. But somehow a black thread gets into the wool and no pattern comes off the loom as the weaver planned it. Life is never satisfying; is not meant to be satisfying. "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." It is many hundred years since that sentence was written. And the intervening centuries have confirmed its truth.

If we have the Christian faith, we believe that the Father shares the sorrows of his children. Sorrow is not a human accident, but a divine design.

Nor are we here merely for self-expression. I doubt whether any one who reads this article desires merely to express himself. Most of us often wish to repress ourselves and always wish that we might be more worth expressing. We ask the flowers, but not the weeds, to be themselves; and he is either marvelous in his saintliness or marvelous in his self-conceit who has no consciousness that there are undesirable weeds in himself to be rooted out. He is sure to be conscious of undesirable weeds in his neighbors. He has no admiration for the petulance or the passion in his boy; none for the greed in the tradesman who cheats him. Self-expression may mean wrecking a railway train, dynamiting a printing office, or flooding a mine. It may mean, and often has meant, robbery or assassination. In the German nation it meant wholesale brigandage and a World War. Unbalanced by a desire for self-restraint, it means crime or lunacy.

We are not here for happiness. Happiness is an incident, not an end. We are not here for self-expression. Self-expression and self-repression must work together or the end is death. We are here for self-development. Creation, it has been well said, is not a product, but a process. Man is in the making. And here we see only the beginnings. What the end will be we do not know. Perhaps there is no end. Perhaps growth is an eternal process.

This process of self-development begins with man's birth and ends only with his death. He learns love from his mother, law from his father, reverence from both. He learns lessons from his brothers and sisters which others cannot teach him. It is easier to bring up four children than one, for they learn from each other. He goes to school and learns from the playground as well as from the school-room; he goes to college, and college life gives him more preparation for manhood than any one recitation room, perhaps more than all of them combined. The preacher, the newspaper, the books, are not his only nor even his chief teachers. A savings bank will do more to teach him thrift than a school-teacher; if the school-teacher wishes to teach thrift, he establishes a school savings bank. A railway will do more to teach him punctuality than a church, for if he is late to church he can always get a seat, but if he is late at the station the train is gone. Unless he is exceptionally stupid, if he is a merchant he learns the meaning of honesty, if a lawyer the meaning of justice, if a doctor the nature of the

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body and the medicinal value of a courageous spirit, if a soldier the splendor of devotion to a great cause and the supreme value of self-sacrifice. And all the time the successes and the disappointments, the joys and the sorrows—and generally the sorrows more than the joys—are teaching him the meaning of life as in "The Great Desire" it was taught to Anson.

"The Great Desire is the desire to fi God." "The way to God is through lov Life is a school; character is the en sorrow, disappointment, disaster, teachers; death is graduation.

THE MENACE OF THE LUSK BILLS

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK STATE SENATE

The so-called Lusk Bills in the New York Legislature were the aftermath of the Lusk Committee's investigation into seditious activities in the State of New York during the war. They represent drastic and futile remedies of the sort that narrower-visioned politicians often seek to employ after a period of struggle for national safety. The country had tragic and memorable experien of the same kind following the Civil War and the American Re lution. It is believed that the naturally sound sense of Gover Smith will lead him to veto these dangerous and un-Americ proposals.—THE EDITORS.

THE first of these bills, taken in connection with the statute against seditious activities passed during the war, establishes a bureau of secret police under the supervision of the Attorney-General. During the war the action of this secret police and the appropriated funds were under the final control of the Governor. Under this bill, and taken in connection with its companion proposals, the Attorney-General's office may easily harbor a practically uncontrolled and permanent institution of inquisition and repression of every sort of genuine freedom of opinion in time of peace. Its agents may scurry into every corner of the State over the heads of district attorneys of the counties in the quest of symptoms of sedition or disloyalty.

The second of these bills extends the most rigid censorship of the educational Board of Regents over the ideas of all private schools, institutions, groups, associations of every sort which meet for discussion and instruction. Anything whatever within the domain of private education which the Board of Regents in its infinite wisdom might regard as inimical to the public interest could not be taught or discussed. This is a vast extension of power, and if intended only to meet a single instance or group of instances of disloyalty is like forging a triphammer to kill a fly. The rigorous supervision of what is discussed and taught in the public school system is of course entirely proper. Those subjects and ideas upon which the public mind is not generally agreed should be excluded from the public school curriculum. Jews and Catholics and Protestants all contribute to the support of the public schools, and matters in controversy between them are naturally and properly excluded. The State cannot permit Democratic or Republican or Socialist doctrines to be taught in the schools in any partisan way. But into the domain of voluntary groups and associations outside the public school system, and into adult thinking generally in the colleges and universities, no free state has ever entered with its censorship of ideas save in those extremely rare instances in which disloyalty and sedition were clearly the underlying purpose. Here the existing provisions of the educational law passed during the war give already every opportunity to the Department of Education to weed out sedition both in text-books and teachers.

The State of New York has always regarded private schools, institutions, groups, associations, colleges, universities, as schools of experiment in new methods, new ideas, in which the utmost rational freedom of thought and utterance should be permitted. This is the only way that the world of thought and of progress has ever advanced. This proposed Lusk bill marches human thinking in the goose-step. Nothing like it has ever been proposed in America, and nothing more hopelessly contrary to American ideals of freedom and progress has ever been conceived. It is contrary to every known principle of the development of human thinking. Taken in connection with the bureau of secret police, this bill furnishes a complete machinery for the lock-stepping of the human mind in line with the economic, social, ethical, or political preconceptions of any group which happens to be the real power in or behind the government of the State. The Board of Regents is, and usually has been, made up of admirable men under the present system of freedom, but the Board of Regents is elected by the legislative machine, and is dependent for its sustenance upon the ruling government, and might easily be degraded under the terms of this bill into a perfect engine for the repression of free opinion.

The first bill, creating a bureau of secret police, would make America Russian after the manner of the Czar. The second bill would make America Prussian after the manner of William the Hohenzollern. The only answer that has been made or that can be made is that these measures will not be carried out according to their tenor; that they will be used only to strike at certain things which the ruling group in the government at the time does not like. In that case, these measures are more dangerous still in their demonstration of the inequality of law. The passing of laws of an extreme kind upon the theory that they will be executed in the discretion of officials against the influences which the ruling group in the government at the time does not li reduces law to such an inequality a absurdity that no intelligent and f minded man could respect it.

The true American theory of gove ment is not a government of repress from above, nor is it government by mass mind. It is organized self-cont Far better to allow the American peo their traditional freedom of discuss and instruction. Men win self-cont only out of freedom and wide informat about things as they are. The sporadic stances of sedition and disloyalty threatened violence should be dealt w in our time with an iron hand, but not such a process as this of the subvert of human freedom.

The third Lusk bill expressly char the Board of Regents to investigate license the loyalty of all the public sch teachers of the State. This is a vast dertaking and a vast extension of powers of inquisition from the top. Un the law as it now is, the State Dep ment of Education licenses the genc qualifications of a teacher. Nobody bu citizen can be a teacher as the law n is; and the person who is a citizen assumed to be loyal until the contra proved, and there is abundant machin already to determine this. Under this n bill no teacher is assumed to be lo until he or she is investigated and licen by the power at the top. This again is America. It is Prussia and Russia. T secret police, the censorship of the idea all voluntary groups meeting for disc sion and instruction, the searching out alleged disloyalty of labor in the m and factories and teachers in the scho in every corner of the State in time peace, the espionage, the secret persc tion, the open door for spies and enem to allege secret information—such a s tem, so contrary to American thou and tradition, would soon arouse a t mendous resentment and vast rebellion the mass of the loyal people of the St and the country.

I heartily share the fierce resentm which burns in the hearts of true Am cans against anybody or anything wh is against this Government of ours. W all its faults, it is the best government the world and the only real hope of

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rld. I am utterly opposed to the satu- ion of American opinion by the dan- ous ideas about industry and govern- nt which come out of Russia and out wild and unbridled radicalism any- ere.

What I protest against is the utter ility of the methods of remedy here posed. They arouse a hundredfold re unbalanced radicalism than they ay. These bills embody policies that ough all history have developed and gendered the very thing that en- lightened men wish to destroy. The cur- rent and disquieting protest against American institutions is a protest based upon the belief that these institutions fa- vor inequality, that they are organized for the protection of the few as against a greater enjoyment of happiness upon the part of the many. There have been and there are influences of this base character in American politics and government, but the American people in the end have al- ways been able to dominate them. And that is what made America the glorious heritage that it is. But bills like these, which involve unwise assertion of gov- ernmental powers of repression and in- quisition and suspicion, only solidify the discontent of the time into a fixed and widened opinion that this is a govern- ment against the multitude. On the other hand, the more you convince men that they enter through the institutions of America into freedom and equality and the square deal, the less possible it be- comes for any to say that this is a Gov- ernment organized against liberty.

'OVERNOR LOWDEN AS A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

This is the fifth in The Outlook's series of articles describing esidential candidates. The first, on Leonard Wood, by Lawrence Abbott, appeared in the issue for March 17; the second, on Her- t Hoover, by Julius H. Barnes, appeared in the issue for April 14; the third, on Hiram Johnson, by Elbert F. Baldwin, appeared in the issue for April 21; and the fourth, on Calvin Coolidge, by Bruce Barton, was published in the issue for April 28.—THE EDITORS.

PERSONALITY

N Frank Orren Lowden you see a man of medium height, of somewhat stocky but not bulky figure, erect, rugged, ıscular, and of alert stride. His face is ong; he looks at you with clear eyes. A determined man," you say to your- f; and you add, "A plain business ın, alive to the issues of his job and of e day."

As he begins to speak you get no etoric and eloquence; instead, delib- ıte, terse good sense. He seems a safe ın; you have the impression that he ght make a safe President. But he ms an inelastic man.

His personality is dignified, but he im- esses you, just the same, as being a od fellow. His is the handshake of a rn-husker. He came honestly by that ndshake; he is farmer bred.

His life-story can be sketched in three rds—poverty, struggle, success. He is ty-nine years old. He was born at nrise, Minnesota. His father was the untryside blacksmith. The father and s neighbors built a schoolhouse, and ere it was that young Frank learned s A B C's.

Then his parents moved to Iowa, the ven-year-old boy trudging beside their prairie schooner." In the Iowan sum- ers the lad helped his father with the rming and in the winters did chores earn his schooling. At fifteen years of e he was able to teach a school. He did for five years, and gained the funds r further education. Saving and study- g, he entered the University of Iowa d was graduated valedictorian of his ass.

But the struggle for education was not er. To raise money enough to study w he had still to teach; then he be- me a law clerk in Chicago at $8 a eek. He made enough to enter the nion College of Law at Chicago. He mpleted the two-year course in one ar. He took first prizes in scholarship d oratory, and, what is more, two years after, graduating from that college, he was again valedictorian of his class.

In later life valedictorians rather belie the brilliant promise of their early years. Not so Frank Lowden. Admitted to the Chicago bar, and outranking all who were examined at that time, he soon became a promising young lawyer; indeed, before long he actually occupied the chair of Fed- eral Jurisprudence in Northwestern Law School, the successor of the Union College of Law. Lowden Hall was named for him. Within a dozen years after graduation he had built up a lucrative practice. He or- ganized two now famous business corpora- tions, the National Biscuit Company and the American Radiator Company. He had thus laid the foundation of his finan- cial fortune.

In 1896 he married Miss Florence Pullman. Though his greatest political handicap has been the tradition of the Pullman car wealth, he has continued to support his own family.

CONGRESSMAN

From 1906 to 1911 Lowden served as member of Congress. His point of view was revealed by his affirmative vote on such measures as those prohibiting child labor in the District of Columbia, estab- lishing postal savings banks, and creating a Bureau of Mines. During that time I used to hear about him as an efficient member of the Foreign Affairs Commit- tee; he proposed and actually put through Congress a law providing for the pur- chase of legation and embassy sites abroad. People who assert that he is not "up" in foreign affairs may at least re- member this. He also showed himself a true conservationist. He planted some five hundred thousand trees on his estate because, as he said, "hundreds of thou- sands of acres in Illinois are better suited to forestry than to anything else." He added a word concerning a reform long urged by all forestry friends:

> Private owners of land will not con- tent themselves with a crop which does not mature for half a century. They will therefore naturally not plant their acres to trees unless they have encour- agement from the State. It is possible that if all the now waste lands of Illinois were planted to trees in half a cen tury they would produce enough timber to sup- ply our own needs. . . . If the State would exempt these lands from taxation on con- dition that they were planted to trees, with the provision that when the trees were harvested a proper tax would be collected on the product, much of such land, I believe, would become permanent forests, a source of revenue to their owners and to the State.

GOVERNOR

In 1916 Lowden was elected Governor of Illinois by almost 150,000 majority. Theodore Roosevelt wrote to him as follows:

> Let me heartily congratulate you. I earnestly hope you will now assume a position of leadership. We want leader- ship! What I most desire is that you shall help bring the Republicans far enough forward to enable us to hold the Progressives far enough back to keep a substantial alignment.

This was Governor Lowden's reply:

> I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your note. You have stated exactly, it seems to me, the problem, and I want to work with you to the fullest extent in trying to help solve it.

To show what Lowden thought of Roosevelt one may take this summary from an address by the Governor in Feb- ruary, 1919:

> Great events are ever connected with his name, but the greatest of all was Theodore Roosevelt himself. It was not so much what he did as what he was. For, during all his life, he was the light- ning in the political sky which purified the air.

When Lowden was running for Gov- ernor, he sent out a lot of workers over the State. He furnished them with auto- mobiles and paid them well. After the

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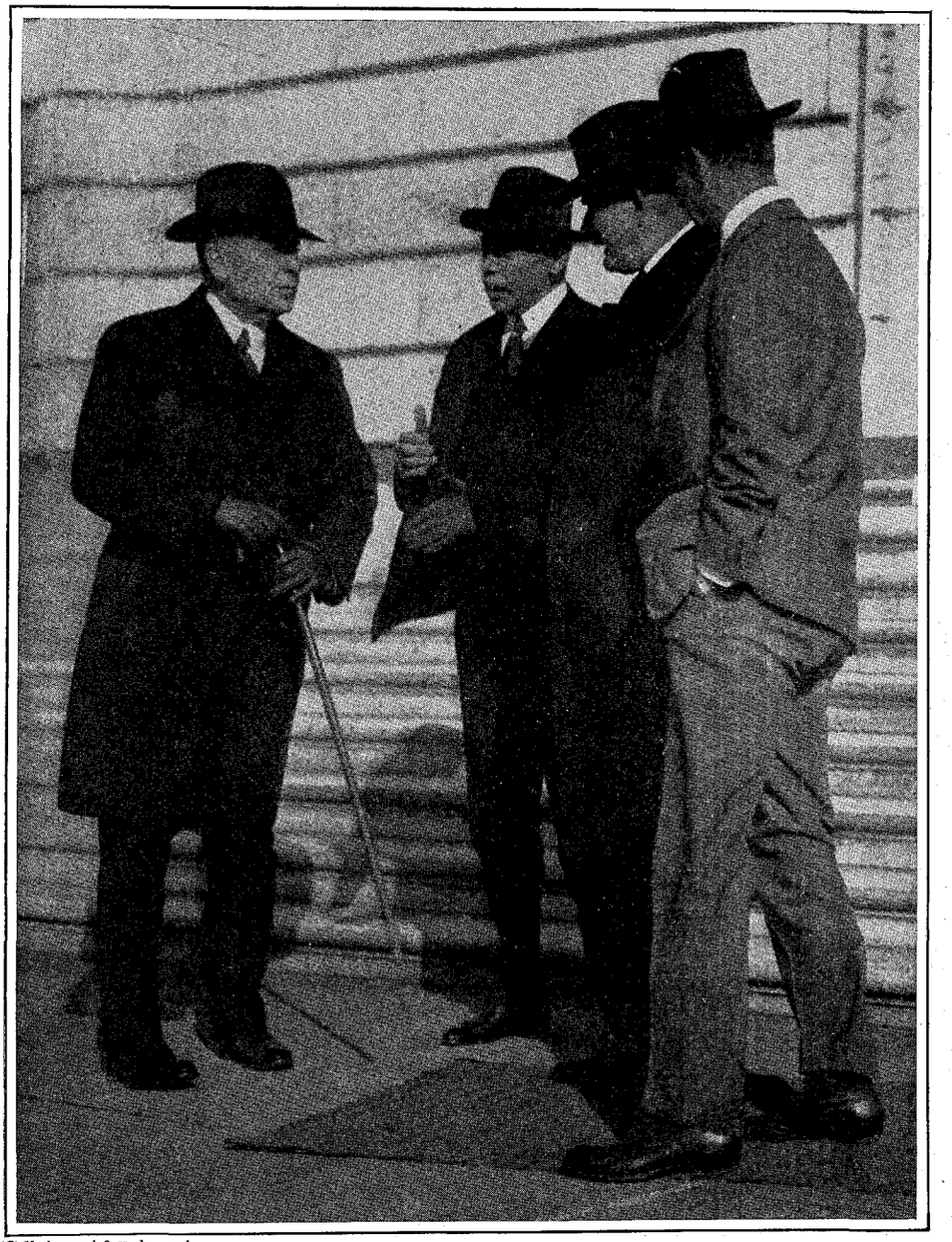

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GOVERNOR LOWDEN, OF ILLINOIS (LEFT), IN ANIMATED CONVERSATION WITH SENATORS KEYES, JONES, AND McCORMICK, IN WASHINGTON

campaign one of these men came to Lowden's office in Springfield.

"I worked hard for you, didn't I, Governor?" he asked.

Lowden admitted it. Thereupon the visitor asked for the appointment of a friend of his to a certain office. Now it was Lowden's turn.

"I paid you, and paid you well for your work, didn't I?" he demanded.

The man replied, "Yes." The Governor went on:

"The reason I did that was so that I would have no strings tied to me; so that no one could ask me to repay a personal debt with a public office. This friend of yours may be just the man I want, and if he is I will be glad to appoint him. But if I do it it will be because of his fitness, and not because of any service you rendered me in the campaign."

Lowden promised little. He fulfilled much. Recently in The Outlook I pointed out Governor Johnson's achievements as recorded in Californian legislation. It is also a satisfaction to mention some laws passed under Governor Lowden's administration in Illinois:

A Workmen's Compensation Act.

A Child Labor Act.

A mine-worker's measure providing for first aid equipment at mines.

A law extending the establishment of free employment offices to include towns of 25,000 inhabitants or over.

The development of vocational and other educational measures.

An act permitting farmers and dairymen to enter into collective bargaining.

The so-called "Blue Sky Laws" to protect the public against unsound or dishonest stock promotions.

The abolition of the Board of Equalization of twenty-five members and the establishment of a tax commission of three members.

Highway and waterway laws.

Calling a Constitutional Convention (now in session) to draft a new Constitution.

Outside of Illinois the new budget system has attracted much attention. The head of the Illinois Department of Finance prepares a budget of estimated expenditures and receipts to be submitt to each regular session of the Gener Assembly, the Illinois State Legislatu and he begins the preparation of t budget two years in advance. "He constantly gathering information," sa Governor Lowden, "to enable him int ligently to judge what the appropriatic should be for the next biennium. H budget is submitted to me, and by me turn transmitted to the General Asse bly." This was certainly a change fro the old way, when any official who want to expend public money made an estima and submitted it directly to the Legi lature without any one's revision. Becau of the budget system and the centraliz administration, the tax rate has dropp from ninety cents on a hundred-dolla valuation in 1917 to sixty cents in 191 In January, 1917, the available cash the State treasury was something ov $500; two years later it was near $13,000,000.

The State's centralized administratio was seen in the transformation, withi sixty days after Lowden took office, of t former 125 agencies and bureaus of Go ernment, with their special parasites an political hangers-on, into nine Gover ment departments. The results of t new rule have surpassed expectation indeed, the Non-Partisan Legislati Voters' League of Illinois, a body n overmuch given to praise, declares:

> Much of the credit is due to Governor Lowden. He gave valuable assistance to the lawmakers at every turn. . . . He has also exercised a strong . . . influence for the benefit of the public through the atmosphere of efficiency which he has done much to create at Springfield.

One reason for this atmosphere w the co-operation induced between cap tal and labor. The Governor creat an Industrial Commission of five me bers, two selected from the employe two from the employees, and the fif from the public at large. His theory w that these five men, sitting around t same table, would get into such satisfa tory relationship that if a strike ca they would be in a frame of mind discuss the issue calmly. Despite thi a strike threatened violence—the sto strike. The people were panic-stricken they thought the disorder called fo soldiers. Governor Lowden said:

> Soldiers will always be needed, and must be used if they are the only means to maintain the law, for at whatever cost *the law must remain supreme.* Let it be remembered, however, that every time outside force in any community is employed it is a confession of weakness in the foundations, in fact, of our institutions. A municipality must learn to govern itself when lawlessness appears. Instead of meeting to pass resolutions calling for troops, its Chamber of Commerce and other civic organizations should organize themselves into defensive forces and offer themselves to the peace officers in their city to uphold the law.

When the municipalities appealed t the Governor for protection, he assure

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them that the militia was ready to go to them on an hour's notice, but that, first, the town's authorities should use every endeavor to preserve order. When duty was thus shown to them, all used every endeavor. The troops were ready, but they were not needed. Law and order were preserved, and Illinois was the only one of the large steel-manufacturing States which was free from violent outbreak.

Lowden is always definite. There is no doubt where he stands. John Walker, President of the Illinois Federation of Labor, says of him:

> He has not always given us what we wanted, but he has always given us a hearing and said what he would do and what he would not do. We could always find out where he was.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

As a Presidential candidate one can also find out where Lowden is. He said to me the other day: "Present conditions in America bring two elemental questions to the fore:

"The first is, Shall we have law and order?

"The second is, Shall we have one hundred per cent Americanism?

"These questions are intimately related. All good Americans should instantly resist every sign of disloyalty and disorder.

"In addition there are other problems before us. One is to reduce the high cost of living. Now you cannot do that until you reduce the high cost of government, for you cannot reduce taxes until you reduce that high cost of government. It is high because of extravagance and because of overlapping work. Why not apply modern business principles to governmental methods? Here in Washington, instead of ten distinct Government departments there are very many overlapping bureaus. All this unnecessary overlapping and extravagant expenditure should be abolished. A Federal budget on the plan of the one established in Illinois under my Governorship would mean a saving of millions of dollars a year to the Government.

"Another question is that of the League of Nations. I believe in the passage of the League of Nations Covenant with reservations. I defend the action of Senators who insisted upon reservations to the charter submitted to them. Without them the League would have become a superstate. It would have overawed and might have overcome the American Republic. When the Republican party is in power, we shall, I hope, proceed to establish this machinery for adjusting international differences. The Republican party will, I trust, have the wisdom and the courage to take up the great work of the Hague Conferences and carry on that work until the wars of the future shall be reduced to a minimum. Even as modified by the reservations, the League of Nations charter hardly takes the best form. It should be a judicial rather than a political organization. If the Treaty is ratified by us, and America becomes a party to the League, we will have an opportuuity to influence its activities and help to modify its form. In time it may realize our aspirations for peace and justice."

Lowden has been farmer, lawyer, business man, teacher, legislator, executive. In each of these spheres he has been a success, but especially as an executive. And the significant thing about that success is the fact that in Illinois he has solved some of the very problems he would be called upon to solve as President.

In general, Lowden, one may say, stands for Roosevelt's aims through Hamiltonian methods. But a friend of mine, an Illinois farmer, thus criticises him:

> The only fault I find with Lowden is that he does not go after some things in more or less the Roosevelt way. He would make a good President and give a splendid business administration. He has convictions and cannot be moved from what he knows is right, though he is always open to suggestion. He is about forty per cent conservative and otherwise progressive. He is not at all reactionary, and is liberal in many respects—quite liberal in some—but is not spectacular and does not act quite so quickly as some of the rest of us might.

With regard to domestic affairs, Lowden may very possibly be more conservative than are Wood and Hoover; certainly he is far more conservative than is Johnson. With regard to foreign affairs he is less a citizen of the world than are Hoover and Wood and more than is Johnson.

Should Lowden become the Republican nominee for the Presidency the country might expect, if he should be elected, a sane and constructive Administration.

LABOR AND THE OPEN SHOP

BY SENATOR MILES POINDEXTER

Senator Poindexter, of the State of Washington, is a Presidential candidate and therefore his views on the labor question have a timely value and interest. We comment upon them elsewhere in this issue.—THE EDITORS.

OUT of the turmoil of the war many new problems have been developed for the decision of the American people. Changing conditions present new issues vitally affecting the destiny of the Nation. There are great questions involved in the approaching Presidential campaign which are as fundamental in their effect upon the policies of the Government and the status of our people as any crisis through which we have passed, not excepting our struggle for freedom in 1776.

One great question which is pressing upon the attention of the American people is the freedom of labor and industry. By that I mean the right of a workingman to work, to support himself and his family, and that he shall not be denied employment because he belongs to a labor union, or because he does not belong to one; and the right of the employers of labor, in the industries upon which our prosperity depends, to the protection of the law against intimidation and violence in the settlement of industrial disputes. To this may be added, as perhaps a more important phase of the question, the interests of the general public in the rule of the people as a whole, through Constitutional means rather than, by a special class, through the coercion of physical force.

The war has given a powerful impetus to the movement for the so-called "dictatorship of the proletariat." It takes different forms, and is sometimes openly avowed, as in the case of the Bolsheviki of Russia and their followers in this country, and sometimes disguised, as is the movement of many labor organization leaders claiming to be conservative, who insist that all controversies affecting the wages, hours, or other conditions of labor must be settled by the labor unions themselves, and that in enforcing their claims the employees must have the right to cut off production of essential industries, to bring transportation to a standstill, and by this means deny the necessities of life to the people.

The strikes which dislocated our industry and delayed our productivity during the war were numbered by thousands. In the past year strikes have been in existence, varying from month to month from a hundred or so to more than three hundred in existence at the same time.

There is no doubt whatever, and it can be easily demonstrated, that the majority of these strikes have been fomented by radical agitators, who are not concerned merely with demands for increase of wages or reduction of hours—exorbitant as these demands are in many instances—but whose avowed purpose is to "abolish the wage system." By this they mean communism.

They entertain their deluded victims among the workers with specious arguments to the effect that the wealth of the country was created by the workers, and from this they draw the silly conclusion that it is owned by the workers and that the workers have a right to seize it. Strikes and sabotage, murder and assassination, are regarded by many of these leaders as legitimate means of bring-

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ing about this result. They overlook the obvious fact that the accumulated wealth of the world is the result of the efforts of mankind since civilization first began, and even before that remote period. They overlook the fact that discoverers and statesmen, generals and inventors, scientists and artisans, as well as laborers, contributed in varying degree, from generation to generation, to the present wealth of the world. They overlook the obvious fact that, even so far as labor itself enters into production of the myriad forms of modern utilities and comforts, it was the labor of a thousand generations of workers, and that the share in this production of those who labor to-day is but an infinitesimal part of the whole. They overlook, further, the fact that, in great measure, if not altogether, the laborer has already been paid the wages of his labor, and that the account has so been balanced and closed.

Another absurdity in this modern application of Socialistic theories is the omission of these Anarchist agitators to tell their followers that if the doctrine of force is invoked the communists have no exclusive privilege in its use; but that, on the contrary, one man under such a system would have as much right as another to seize property and other things he desires by force of arms or strategy, by sabotage, dynamite, or assassination.

Although these union leaders may claim to oppose Bolshevism, the result of the methods they advocate by a process of terrorization, by subjecting the public to cold and hunger through the suppression of transportation and essential industries, would of course be government by the dictation of the employees, which is the same object proposed by the Communist Bolsheviki. If economic questions are to be settled in this way, it means of course the "dictatorship of the proletariat," however much this may be denied by the labor leaders who advocate these methods. Such methods mean that industry and the property invested in it will be subject to the dictates of the employees, and this will open the way to the avowed object of the Socialists—the so-called "abolishment of the wage system" and the establishment of a communistic state; and, remarkable as it may seem, this result brought about in this way will have been accomplished not by law, nor by any constitutional method, but by economic coercion. Furthermore, if the course marked out by many of the unions is adhered to it will mean, in effect, unless it is successfully resisted, that laws will be passed or repealed and executive administration directed by the same method of coercion; and thus will be established, instead of a government by the people, a government by a special class.

In 1912 this country witnessed a great political revolt against the undue influence in the government of the so-called "invisible government" of special, private, business interests. Control by employees is as abhorrent to the spirit of our institutions as control by employers. Neither capital nor labor can direct by intimidation or coercion the making and administration of the laws, or control the settlement of industrial problems in which the public have a paramount interest, if our Government is to remain that free government "of, by, for the people" of Abraham Lincoln. Neither can labor be free if a laboring man can be compelled, by being denied work, to submit himself to the control of the government of the unions. He should be free to pursue his vocation, as one of his inalienable rights and as essential to that "pursuit of happiness" of the Declaration of Independence, without discrimination, whether a member or not a member of a labor union. In the very nature of its relation to its members, a union is under the control of a few men. It is invariably controlled by an inner circle; its proceedings and elections are governed by no law and are subject to no public supervision; so if, by the methods of control of transportation and industry, unions can control the Government itself, power will be centered in the hands of a few virtual dictators.

During the pendency of the recent Railway Bill the open demand was made by certain ones of those claiming to control labor that unless their demands were granted the railways would be "tied up so that they never would run again." Labor, as the foundation of our industrial structure, is entitled to every consideration—perhaps the first consideration—at the hands of the Government, and, in general, it has received such consideration. The Railway Bill contained liberal provisions for profit-sharing and other benefits for labor. These were opposed and stricken out at the instance of officials of the American Federation of Labor, presumably because it would tend to lessen the control of these leaders over labor. A vast volume of laws for the improvement of the condition and remuneration of labor have been enacted by Congress and by most of the States. Decent living conditions and the full opportunities of citizenship for the families of labor are recognized by all as essential to the prosperity and strength of the Nation. Men must have the right to organize, but they cannot be allowed to dictate the enactment of laws or have the power to decide the essential disputes to which they are parties. They are entitled to a "square deal," but so are employers, and especially so is the great public.

Private citizens are not allowed to settle their disputes by force, either applied to one another or to the public. In the interest of the peace and order of the community and that security of person and property which must be the basis of any state, disputants are required to submit their differences to an impartial court and to abide by its decision; so it must be if the perpetuity of free institutions is to prevail as to disputes between classes or groups of private individuals and in economic controversies between employers and employees.

In their own interest and in the interest of the community, they cannot be allowed to settle their differences by the application of force and violence, either directly by arms or indirectly by subjecting the community to suffering through the suppression of essential industries. Government tribunals must be established for the settlement of economic disputes, as they have already been established for the settlement of property disputes; and the parties to them, both employers and employees, must be required to submit to the arbitrament of the law.

WHAT OF THE SOLDIER'S BONUS?

BY LOUIS B. BLACHLY

I HESITATE somewhat to take up this problem of the soldier's bonus; for I am not among the fortunate class which succeeded in getting across on the other side. Yet the proposal so vitally affects me as a citizen, and incidentally as one of the prospective beneficiaries of the measure, that I feel I am somewhat justified in speaking out. I am further fortified by the fact that I do represent some millions who were forced by circumstances to serve their time in the Army on this side. That some sixteen months of "squads east" in the sandhills of California or Georgia in a fighting organization, while the real fight was thousands of miles away, had its bitterness will be backed up by a million others who ached to get into the big game. So I believe that those who served their country on this side of the water should—with the exception of the soldiers who actually got into the real fighting—have an equal interest in any plan of bonus distribution.

Why do we deserve this money? I have asked a good many and tried to figure it out for myself, and I seem to find that we can be divided into four classes.

Some of us feel that we are entitled to a part of that money which others made but which we lost by our service in the Army. We deserve to get back part of what we might have earned if we had not been fighting at "thirty per." But this claim has certain objections. Universal danger demands universal service, and no State is capable of giving up the productive effort of millions of its best producers and at the same time paying them in full for the services rendered.

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We can never expect to get back the money sacrificed in those stirring times. Many of us had the choice of staying at home and earning high wages or accepting the greater compensation found in fighting a just cause for our country. We chose the latter course freely and without reservations. It is poor sportsmanship now to forget all those high purposes for which we entered the game and claim that we should or can be paid in dollars and cents for that service. That is impossible. The real reason that many of the soldiers claim a bonus lies deeper than this.

Then there is another class, smaller than the above, which demands compensation for the physical hardships or the mental anguish which they suffered as soldiers. For those who fought in the trenches and suffered injuries we are in the mood to grant almost anything they might ask. But for the others it is somewhat different. It is as if a group of men had volunteered to fight a fire which threatened to engulf their homes, had done good work and perhaps saved much property and many lives, and then demanded that they be paid money for the hardships they had experienced in saving their own homes. The community might out of charity aid the unfortunate, but that help could never be on the basis of a bonus for their heroism.

There is still another group—which probably outnumbers all the rest—consisting of those who say that so long as the Government has money which is going to be passed around, they want their share. And they are absolutely right. If there is one thing which a fellow learned in the Army—if he had not already learned the lesson—it is that every man must look out for himself. If he does not grab the biggest piece of pie at the mess-table, somebody else will. It is this class which makes the bonus proposal in the slightest degree possible. There is a large enough class of self-interested propagandists to keep the matter actively before the public until it becomes a common feeling that some such money is going to be "divvied up." Then those who mean to get their share of the booty come to the rescue and create enough pressure to put the thing over. That tendency is already beginning to make itself felt. The papers are telling of certain sections which are gradually swinging around to an indorsement of the bonus plan. But here let it be noted that if this class simply thought the thing out and realized the grave consequences involved they would actively oppose such a measure. The success or failure of any bonus scheme rests upon the attitude of this large group.

The last group—or perhaps it should be the first—is composed of those who are hard up or just plain "broke." This class is the one which is really justified in demanding some immediate action. So far the Government has done mighty little for them. It has, if anything, actually worked against their welfare. The only means which existed to relieve the situation on demobilization—the employment service—was abolished by Congressional action, or rather inaction. And the Government put nothing in its place. Instead, the ex-soldiers have been largely left to shift for themselves as best they might. The way these men feel is pretty well expressed in a recent letter to the New York "Times" by an "ex-Buck." He says:

"I don't believe that any ex-service man expected any other recompense than his regular pay and the promised $60, but the Government's attitude of 'Now I'm through with you—the devil with you,' has made most of us (at least I know it is so in my case) ready to grab whatever we can get out of it."

Not only has the Government failed to retain the machinery by which these soldiers could obtain profitable employment, but it has utterly failed to undertake any substantial measures to provide work for the soldier, which he must have or fall back on begging—and the latter is just what he is doing now in demanding the bonus. But don't blame the soldier.

Where are all those great schemes of reconstruction—the road-building, the great public improvements, which were promised as a means for the returned soldiers to earn a living? They have been locked away into political cold storage while Congressmen hunt the elusive Bolsheviki or study their political maps for the spring campaign.

But something has been happening of late which has brought the politicians scurrying back from their hunting and geographical studies. A great big class of American voters has begun to register its opinion of the intolerable delay in providing for reconstruction. Disappointed in getting action on just and highly commendable measures for relief, they have turned to demand immediate action. And with this an election year, who dare refuse? If Congress has been unable to think out what should be done, there are others who have been thinking. The demands which many ex-soldiers are making are clear enough. What they want are bonuses—either in the form of cash, homes, or land. But what the most demand now is cash. This demand has become so insistent and the feeling is so widespread that such a bonus is going to be granted by Congress—always timorous and obliging in an election year—that it is worth while going into the principles involved and the indirect effects of the granting of the stupendous sum which will be necessary.

First, we might as well strip for once and all the camouflage from this word *bonus*—already somewhat discredited and rechristened by its foster parents by the euphonious term "adjusted compensation." We should understand and call this proposed appropriation by its right name, not by any aliases. It is the old pension, no more, no less, familiar enough—the pension which has drained the country for half a century. For a pension is a payment made after a service has already been paid for. It is money which is not paid as earnings, but as a benevolence. The characterization may seem harsh, but it is an accurate description of the proposed bonus. It may be objected that this is a bonus which is paid only once, that it will not be demanded again, while a pension is an annual payment. But if we heed that excuse we are flying in the face of all that history has to teach us. It is only necessary to recall that this is the second bonus since the armistice. The past shows clearly enough that once such a principle is granted the demands become only more insistent. The time to check such a wholesale and permanent drain upon the public treasury is at the outset, before entry is made. For it seems that we face one of two alternatives if this bonus proposal succeeds: either the outcome upon our credit and financial welfare will be so disastrous that we will never repeat the experiment, or, if we do weather through, the demand for another and larger bonus will outdo the present pressure.

Like our Civil War pensions, the proposed plan violates the essential characteristics of a bona-fide bonus scheme. Let us compare, for example, the proposed plan with that widely adopted in industrial concerns. Industrial pensions have two fundamental characteristics: first, they are based on many years of service; and, second, they are paid only to those who are disabled or who are retiring on account of old age. The years of service required are usually *ten* to *twenty;* the ages at which the payments usually begin are from *sixty* to *seventy*. What about the pensions suggested for the soldiers of the late war? The term of service required is from *two months* to *two years;* the age at which payment is made is from *twenty* to *thirty-five*. Service measured in years against service measured in months; infirm old men against young men in the height of their productive power. Merely to state the proposals is to show how fundamentally the soldiers' pensions violate sound pension practice.

But there is another phase of the matter. An industrial worker does not owe allegiance to the firm for which he works. The employee may quit or the employer may discharge him at any time. The employee has the privilege of demanding all he can wring from his employer. The reverse is true of the citizen of a state. As the service to his country is obligatory, his right to demand full recompense has less basis. A man owes to his country a certain loyalty which in its very nature can have no price. To put a price upon that loyalty in time of war verges on treason itself. It may well be asked whether a like attitude in times of peace does not bear a similar taint. At the outbreak of the war the Government demanded and received every man's unstinted support without any obligation to render full recompense for his services. And no red-blooded man held back, though all he possessed—even life itself—was demanded. I cannot but feel humiliated that I am one of those who ask a bonus for the mere sacrifice of time and

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personal comfort while those thousands who gave their very lives lie sleeping under the white crosses in France. Nor do I feel such an attitude less keenly when I think of those who still linger in our hospitals or who, once more in "civies," hobble on crutch or with cane—pathetic witnesses of the spirit which did not count the cost when the country's safety and ideals were in peril. I am loth to believe that men made of such stuff will be found begging for recompense unless they face genuine need.

It appears, rather, that we are facing another campaign like that which foisted the enormous Civil War pension onto the country. Any one who will take the pains to follow the gigantic lobby which through the years forced the issue in Congress until the final achievement of the "dollar a day" pensions will be struck by its similarity to the pressure to-day upon our lawmakers. Fully organized, and pushing its sentimental advantage to the limit through its National newspaper as well as through local pressure, this great organization finally built up the same feeling which already seems to pervade our recent soldiers—the idea that so long as the public purse was about to be rifled, they also wanted a hand in the game. The slow but extensive development of this sinister viewpoint and its long train of evil consequences should not be lost sight of by those who to-day are unwittingly following the same road.

Surely we have not forgotten the feeling of gratification which the country experienced when, after the outbreak of the late war, legislation was passed which aimed to make unnecessary another pension system such as we had learned to dread. This legislation provided for compensation for those wounded in battle and insurance for the dependents of those who lost their lives. Since the cessation of hostilities the awards and terms have been made more liberal. In the clarified atmosphere which swept self-interest and selfishness out of our spirits then we recognized truly that the task before us could not be met by the old methods. A Nation mobilized—universal military service! A system of pensions for this host was inconceivable. We would grant aid, therefore, only to those whose dependents were left without support or to those whose earning powers were impaired in the supreme conflict. That this was a sound principle had been recognized for years, and it now found concrete expression. Is it possible that we have again become so befogged with short-sighted selfishness that we are going back upon this principle? If we do, what will it involve? We ought to face the matter frankly.

Let us take the figure given by the strongest supporters of the proposed bonus measure—$2,000,000,000.

The effect of this expenditure upon our economic system has already been pretty well aired by financial authorities. It is said by those most closely in touch with our financial machinery that the raising of this stupendous sum at this time would seriously impair our whole credit structure. This, in itself, should be sufficient argument to give pause to the insistent advocates of cash bonuses. But the indirect effects, while less spectacular, may be even more far-reaching and injurious to the country.

Again, as Presidential elections loom in the not distant future, the old cry of economy goes up. But no American needs further argument to be convinced that we need economy in the Government. It is the application of this principle which hurts.

To-day the recently appointed Secretary of Agriculture is pointing out to the country that false economy in certain lines threatens to impair the effectiveness of many of the most vital phases of agricultural work. The fight against the wheat rust, the cotton-boll weevil, hog cholera—all these are to suffer as the result of "economy." How will the expenditure of two billion dollars for bonuses affect this? It will mean almost inevitably that legitimate expenditures in the Agricultural Department which save for the Nation millions of dollars will be cut even more deeply. But that is not all. The insistent demand for economy, coupled with the enormous extra expenses of providing bonuses, will result in curtailing needed expenditures all along the line. We have recently passed acts providing for vocational education and for Federal aid for construction of roads. This immensely valuable work will be dwarfed and curtailed. The threat at our institutions by ignorant and illiterate persons, both alien and foreign, is about to be met by an Americanization bill appropriating Federal aid for teaching the English language. This measure must be sacrificed. We are developing in our various Federal departments service of untold value to the country: protection of the public health, increase in education, upon which the whole structure of democracy is reared, development of internal transportation, protection and utilization of our National forests, extension of agricultural experiment and mine safety work—all these must be stunted and limited in their usefulness as an indirect result of the proposed gigantic bonus issue. That this will be the almost inevitable outcome those associated with Governmental affairs know too well.

Compare the expenditure of this great sum with an equal expenditure in other directions. The starving children of Europe and Asia Minor cry out for food. We ignore the plea for some hundred million dollars in loans to save them from starvation, and at the same time talk lightly of giving outright twenty times that sum in pensions to able-bodied young men. Education in the United States is being forced into a critical position for lack of funds; yet we ignore this threat at the country's welfare and propose commencing a pension system for a very considerable proportion of all able-bodied males between the ages of twenty and thirty-five years of age!

One cannot but think of what such an amount would do toward endowing universities which are now pleading for funds or toward establishing some protective system for the old and infirm or those who are the innocent victims of our industrial system. In the last month there was a widely advertised case in New York of a widow who offered her baby for sale for $1,000, because the State could not give her the necessary aid so that she could care for it herself. With the price of that child she hoped to keep her other children from starvation or the poorhouse. What would even a fraction of the proposed bonus grant do to assure a living to unknown thousands of other women and children in poverty like hers? Some day we shall move to save these, but that action is put off into the more distant future by the adoption of this pension plan. So long as we are compelled to economize and pay interest on enormous National debts, just so long will measures of public welfare be retarded. Not upon this alone, but upon other progressive measures the blighting effect of such type of expenditures will extend on and into the years to come. This is the grave and sinister fact which should make us pause and consider our stand.

We need right now a revival of that spirit among ex-soldiers which stirred their hearts and moved them to swift action in 1917. We need a few hundred thousand volunteers who now, as then, are willing to move to the defense of the principles which must guide the hearts and actions of those who put the welfare of their country above personal gain and comfort. They should act instantly and decisively to check this invasion of a common enemy which, once established, is not likely to be driven out again.

But we should not forget that the demand of the ex-soldiers has a sound basis—even though the remedy which they propose is fraught with such grave consequences. If pensions are not given, there must be some measures enacted in their stead. The rank and file ask only a "fair shake," a reasonable chance to make up for part of the time they lost. But they feel that their interests and their needs have been ignored too long. They would like to ask our lawmakers certain questions—and they want these questions answered.

What happened to the proposal of ex-Secretary Lane for reclamation and settlement of land by returning soldiers? What has happened to the employment service through which the Government—which took the soldier from his job—should have replaced him? What has happened to business reconstruction, which should have been aided by ratification of the Treaty, or to those well-laid plans for renewed construction of highways and other public improvements which were to have given the soldiers a chance to earn their living? If we can get Congress to answer these questions to our satisfaction, we will not have to beg the Government for a "hand-out."

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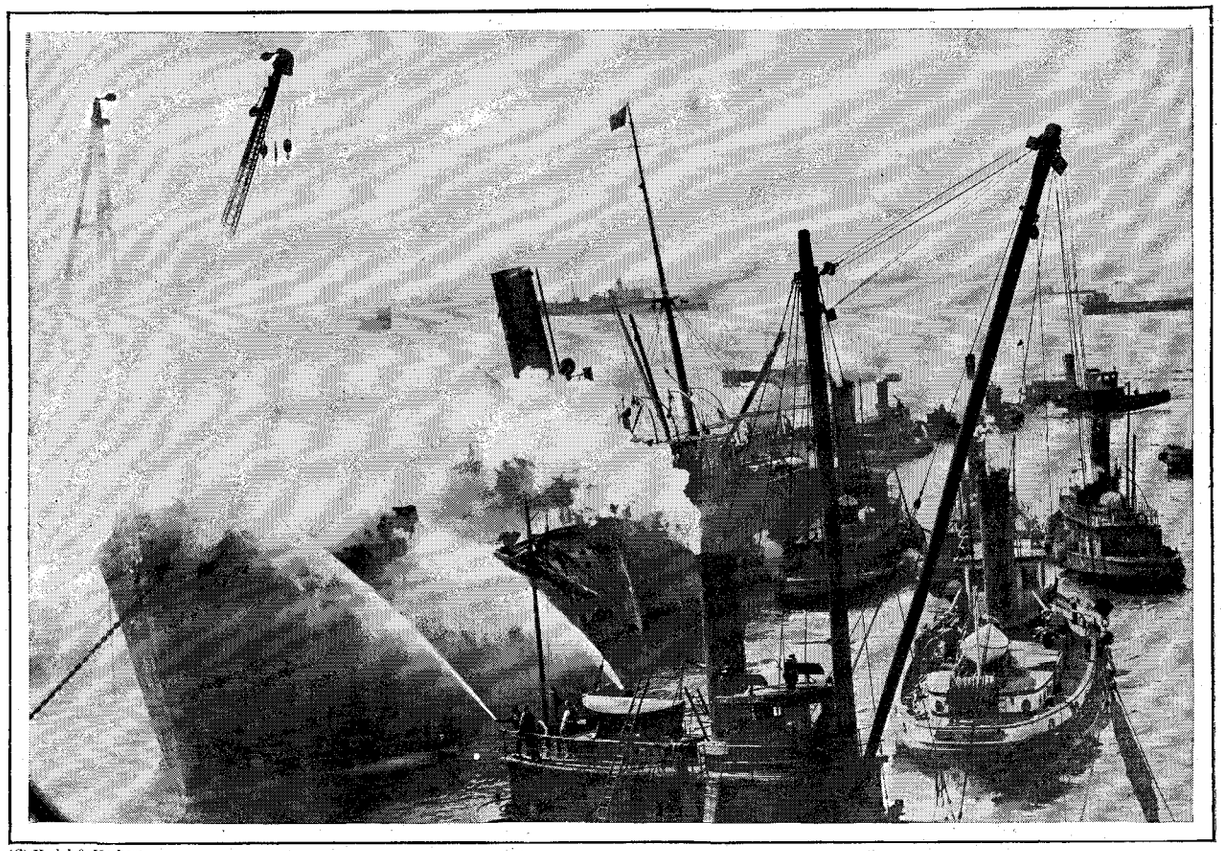
A FRENCH PATROL IN FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, GERMANY

The French soldiers in the automobile belong to the forces which recently occupied Frankfort as a protest against the action of the German authorities in sending an army into the Ruhr district in the Rhine zone



(C) Kadel & Herbert

A DRAMATIC SCENE IN NEW YORK HARBOR—DESTRUCTION OF A SHIP BY A MYSTERIOUS FIRE

The Hallfried, a Norwegian steamer loaded with nitrates and paper stock, took fire at her pier and was practically destroyed, despite the endeavors of the fire-boats seen in the picture to extinguish the flames

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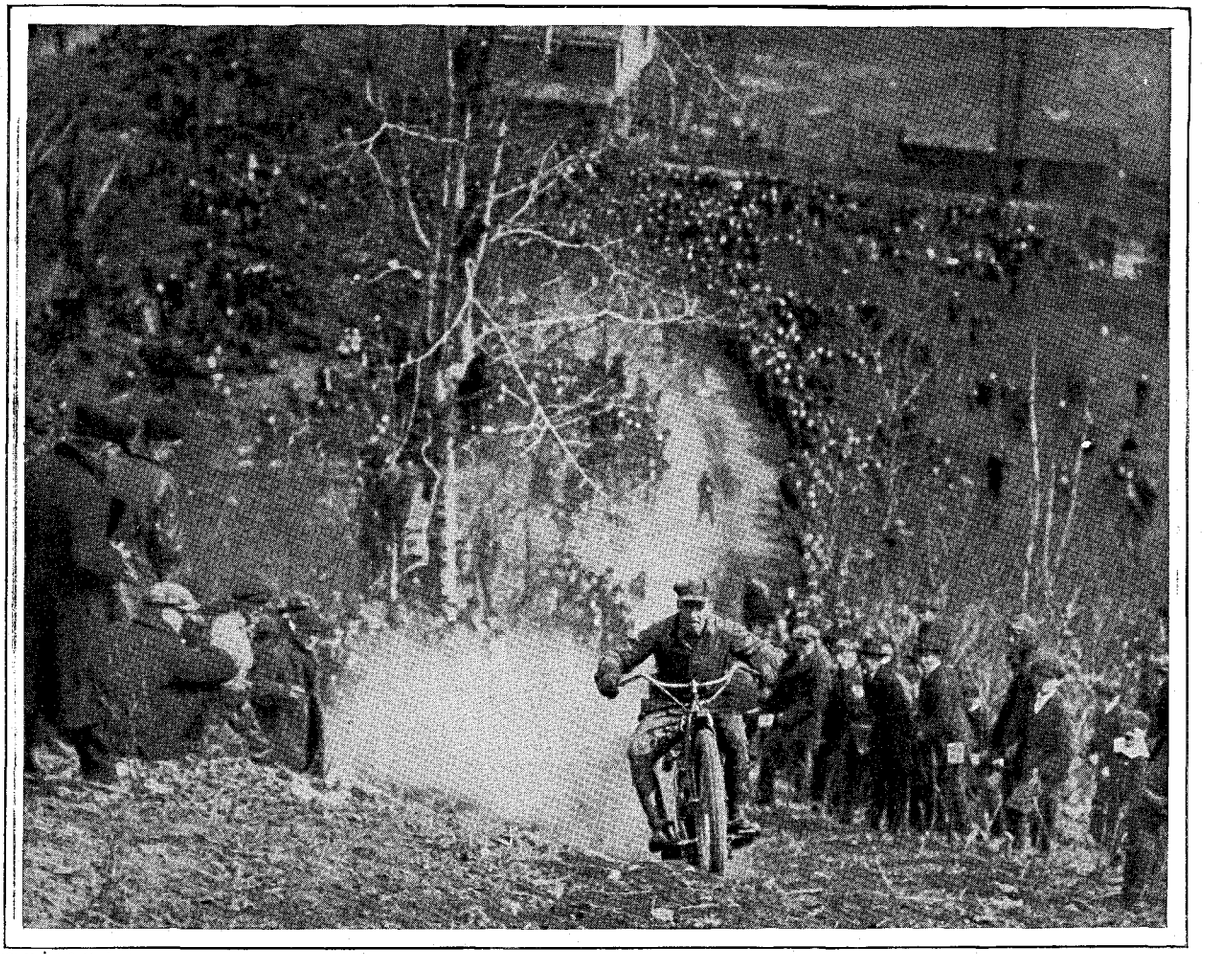

(C) Kadel & Herbert

MOTOR-CYCLE HILL-CLIMBING CONTEST—THE WINNING MACHINE REACHING THE TOP

Only two out of fifty contestants, it is said, succeeded in reaching the top of the steep hill selected for this test, at Mine Hill, Dover, New Jersey. The road has a 50 per cent grade and is none too smooth at that

Paul Thompson

WOMEN GOLFERS ON THEIR WAY TO ENGLAND TO COMPETE IN BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES

Left to right, these representatives of American athletics are: Miss Marion Hollins, holder of Metropolitan Championship; Mrs. Clarence H. Vanderbeck, Miss Mildred Caverley, Miss Rosamund Sherwood

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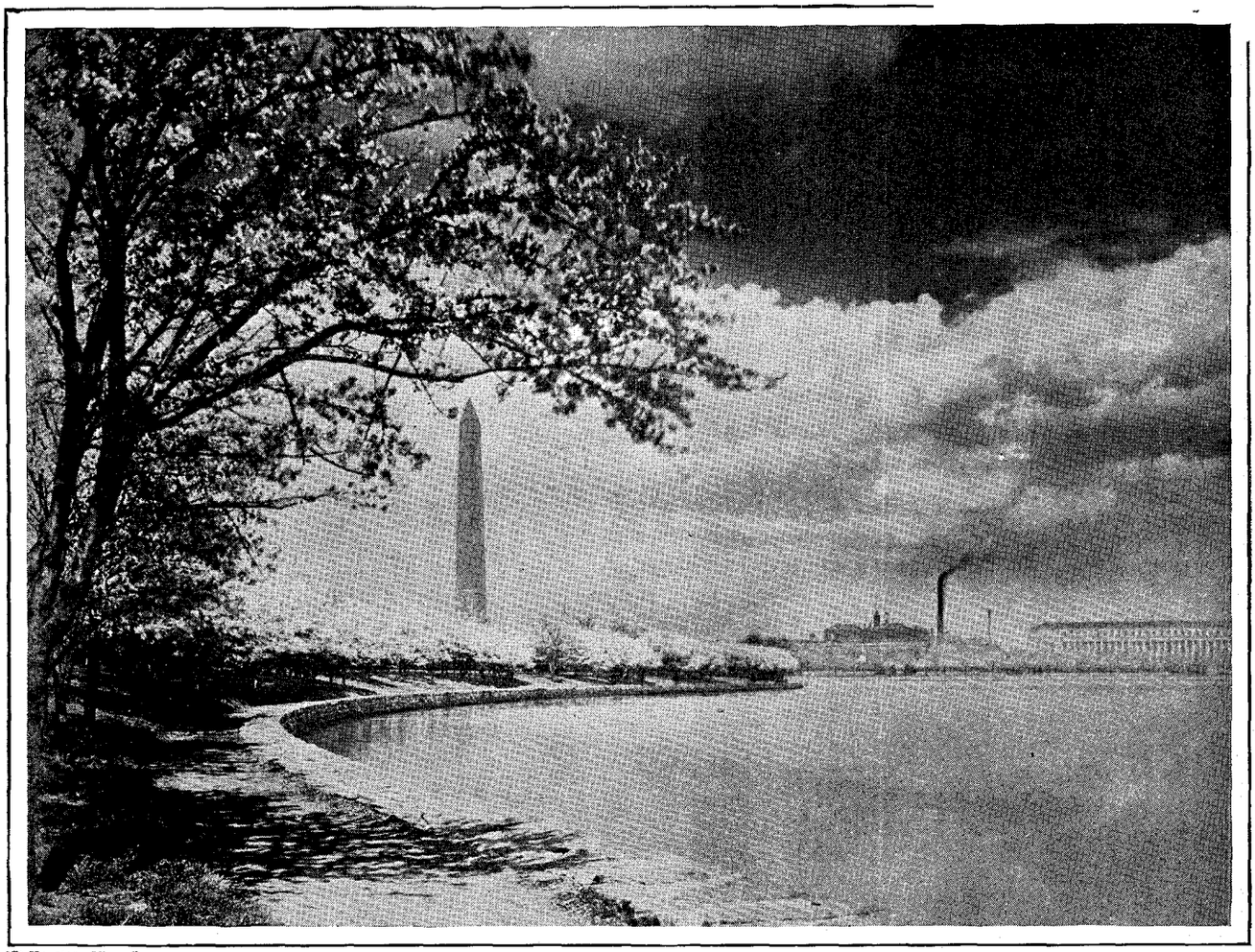


(C) Keystone View Co.

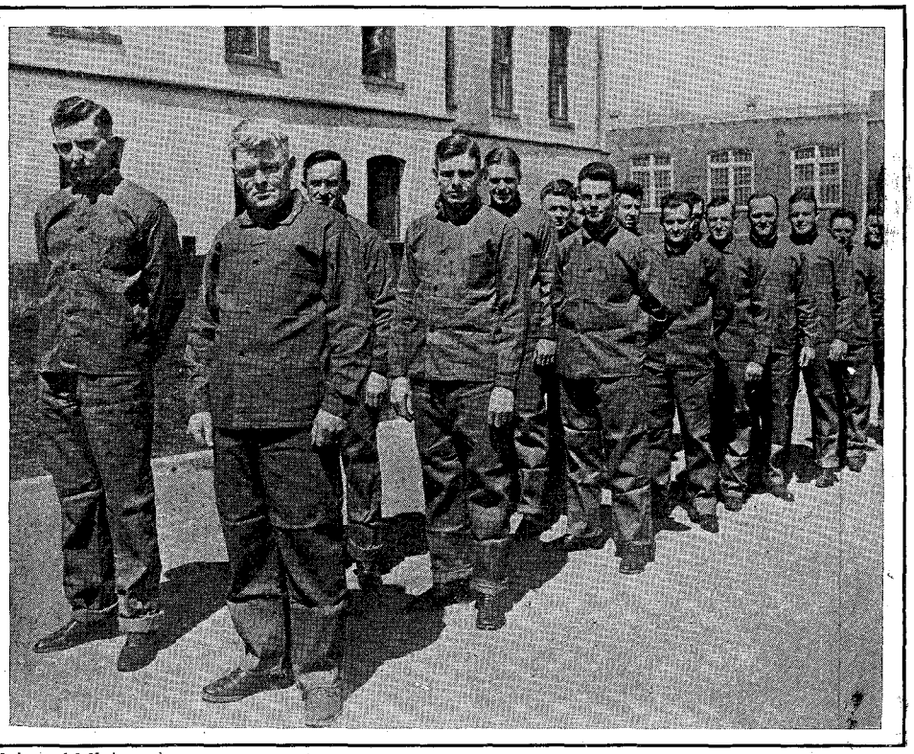
JAPAN'S CHERRY TREES MAKING WASHINGTON BEAUTIFUL

These trees were presented to the United States several years ago by the Emperor of Japan and planted around the Speedway in Washington. During the past few days they have presented a wonderful sight, reproducing in their new home the glories of the cherry blossom season of Japan. The Washington Monument is seen in the background

International

THE YOUNGEST MEMBERS OF THE OVERALLS CLUB

These little girls, Poldi and Mina Sam, are the children of a Chinese actor, a member of the Cheese Club of New York City



Underwood & Underwood

THE FACULTY OF A PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE IN OVERALLS

The entire Faculty of the Pennsylvania Military College at Chester, Pennsylvania, are seen in the above picture as members of the Overalls Club. Professor Wallace and Dr. Wyman, Dean of the [illegible] Read the column

CHECKING THE HIGH COST OF TAILORING BY WEARING OVERALLS: A POPULAR MOVEMENT THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

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ALIENS

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

AS Father Kazinci and I walked through the Braddock alleys we bent our heads to the thin rain without speaking. I had been accompanying him on a round of parochial visits, and we did not talk because there seemed nothing adequate to say.

From the rampart of mills rolled up august clouds of smoke; this smoke mounts up night and day and never stops, coil on coil, cloud on cloud. It darkens the sky, obscures the sun. Its architectural patterns—white on black, black on gray, sulphur and black and gray—vary in stately fashion throughout all the hours. It is always there, a symbol across the heavens of the never-ending toil going on within the mills.

Clustered about the foot of the mills live the workers. The houses are of two stories, and are mostly of brick. One set of houses faces the street, the other the court. The courts are bricked, and littered with piles of tin cans, piles of rubbish, bins of garbage, hillocks of refuse, refuse and litter, litter and refuse; and playing in the refuse and ashes and piles of cans, and with them, children.

I remember a certain bin of ashes and refuse. I had seen it in the fall, filled with ashes and putrefying vegetables and pieces of half-decayed old clothes. Now the tide of garbage and ashes had risen and overflowed half-way across the street; children dug in the ashes and scaled the garbage-pile valiantly, one little boy beating like cymbals two tin cans.

They played here because there was nowhere else to play. There was nothing else to play with, so they played in the garbage-piles. They stamped their heels into the tin cans and skated across the frozen courtyard, where the thin sooty rain froze upon the bricks.

Although school was not yet out, there was no end to the children. As Father Kazinci stopped to talk to a parishioner, they came flocking, greeting him with their treble "Good-day, Father," or, shyness coming between them and words, then with smiles. You could count them—bands of fifteen, eighteen, twenty.

Braddock was the cradle of the steel industry. Its mills existed before the great Homestead Mills. Carnegie Steel was born in Braddock. The mills grew, ramparting the Monongahela River, a frieze of mighty black chimneys belching forth their perpetual smoke; they spread to Rankin, to Homestead, to Duquesne.

It might be supposed that the chief product of Braddock and the other steel towns is steel.

This is not true.

Their principal product is children.

Swarms of children.

Hundreds and hundreds of children.

Generation after generation of children, born where no green thing grows, reared before the somber magnificence of the smoke which blankets the sky and obscures the sun. Generations of children playing in the refuse; hundreds upon hundreds whose only playgrounds are the forsaken bricked courtyards or the littered streets.

It was the spectacle of these children which made Father Kazinci and myself so silent in this round of parochial visits. House after house full of beautiful children, house after house where mothers had made attempts at beauty, where each poor adornment said, "I would not live here if I could live differently;" where the ornaments cried out, "I love beauty and color;" where the begonias growing in cans told of dreams of green fields and gardens.

All of Braddock is black; the soot of the mills has covered it. There is no spot in Braddock that is fair to see. There is no park, no open space; litter everywhere, a town of slack disorder, of scant self-respect. The people who have made money in the Braddock Mills live most of them in surrounding towns, away from the noise and clatter and dirt.

The steel workers who can, escape up to the hillsides; they go to North Braddock or to Wolftown; but many and many of them are condemned forever to the First Ward.

What condemns them to live in these slums is their children. The more children, the less chance of escape. This is an axiom. Here in these homes which we had just visited live the people of unfulfilled dreams. Here live the people whose hopes are constantly betrayed by every accident, the people without a margin.

Throughout the steel strike there was no group of people who stuck so firmly as did these Slovaks down in the Braddock slums. They would be striking yet; they were sorry to go back. The strike, to them, had meant opportunity; it had meant a road of escape; it had meant besides a court of appeal at last for grievances.

This is one of the things in the present condition of the steel industry which the workers find most difficult to bear. There is no way of presenting one's grievances. If you don't like your work, you can leave. This lusty, splendid industry, with its quantity production, is an autocracy.

It is as though principalities had ceased to exist as geographical areas, but exist now by industries. These principalities are young, and they have all the despotism of youth and power—of power that is builded only on wealth and dominion, not on honor and glory. Power without responsibility. Power which can treat men's lives as commodities. Power which throttles among its subjects all efforts at self-government. Power, brutal, young, riotous, lusty, driven by the force of steam. A creative thing, made of fire and iron, and taking no account of the lives of the puny men shriveling before the blast furnace.

Smoke, fire and iron and human lives are its substance. Gain and greed and the despair of many men are woven int the fabric of its lusty, unthinking despo ism. Against this despotism the worker had revolted. They had been beaten. W had been visiting in this trail of th strike.

At last Father Kazinci spoke: "If yo analyze what we have heard to-day, means something like 'No advancemen for the Slavs.' They cannot help givin them jobs, but they will give them a poor ones as they can. I wonder if Joh has his job." He looked toward a bo of twenty-one who was coming toward u

"He was my most brilliant pupi When he had to leave school, I wept. H comes from a most remarkable family There are six boys; each one of them d serves a college education. I have to fa no more bitter thing than to see one aft another of my ambitious boys swallowe up by work. It's hard with all of them but with this boy it was nothing short a crime; though he could not be ke down. When the strike came, he was o the road of advancement to chemist the company."

We were face to face with him by no

"How do you do, Father?"

"How are you, my boy? Did you g your old job back?"

"No, Father."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, Father; they wouldn give it to me."

"Were you very active in the strik my boy?"

"No, Father."

"You didn't stay around strike hea quarters a lot?"

"No, Father; I was home."

"When you went for your job, wh did they say to you?"

"They said, 'What's your name?' an when I told them they said: 'Nothin doing for you. We're not going to ha nothing but Americans in the chemic department after this.'" He had spoke in a quiet, lack-luster voice, and now bi terness broke out of him. "What mak an American?" he demanded. "Wasn I born here? Weren't all of us bo here? Ain't the boys like my brother J who volunteered as good Americans, ev if they have got 'ski' or 'ko' to the names—as good Americans as the fello called White or Smith? I'll say they ar They said so too while the war was on. Y remember the poster 'Americans all Say, Father, the man who made that pi ture ought to work in Carnegie Stee He'd learn the difference between American and a 'damn hunkey' quic enough!"

Again there was nothing to say. W had no answer for his bitterness. T thin rain fell on us. Some tow-head children near had made a cheerful sli down the alley; an old woman, her he enveloped in a kerchief after the fashi of the peasants of Central Europe, toil and slid along in her big shoes, carrying

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load of wood. Almost every one in Allegheny County cooks by gas except the steel workers of the slums. A silence as frozen as the rain held us. The boy broke the silence.

"What nationality do you suppose my little son is?" he asked. "He is only the third generation here. I guess he ain't got any country."

We walked on down the bleak alley, with its swarming tow-headed children who had found a plaything in the brittle surface of the icy pavement. At the end of the street towered the huge tank-like bulk of the mills, and over it rolled the heavy symphony of the smoke, menacing and magnificent; smoke that seemed to carry with it the promise of thunder and lightning.

"That boy's mother is a wonderful woman," said Father Kazinci. "She has eleven children, and each new one as it comes along she shows to me like a gift from God." We turned down a passageway which led down hill into a courtyard. The courtyard was lined around with smoke-blackened pens where the tenants kept hens and animals. The heaps of filth defacing the court were now covered with a thin purifying coating of ice. Five paces from the front door, on a slightly higher level, stood a privy common to several families. Near the door was a bench, on which sat a row of fowls, like everything else, shining with ice; while over the door projected three blackened boards—a shelter from the burning sun when the sweltering court became a brick oven, but now cutting out what little light there was. The brick house had been painted light blue, which gave it a cheerful air.

A smell of old grease, of drying clothes, rushed fiercely at us as we opened the basement door. A wide-bosomed woman who rocked a cradle greeted us. She was a strong woman, heavy, still comely, almost handsome, the mother of many sons. She broke into a torrent of greeting in her own tongue. Father Kazinci translated:

"She says, Father, you see me here in my bare feet and my rags. I have been here twenty-two years, and I live as you see. This is all I have—these rags, this cellar, my eleven children. Every night I bless God, who has kept them in good health. For twenty-two years, Father, I have worked from morning till night, and often late at night, but after all this work we have nothing to give them but this." She waved her hand about the room.

There were two small windows which did not open, a slit of a window behind where the front part of the house was higher than the courtyard, a stove, a table, four chairs, benches under the window, a cupboard with some dishes, while at one side of the room a staircase led upstairs, and on one side was a bright frieze of holy pictures. On the floor above the father and mother slept with the five younger children. In an attic room slept the four boys. Always there had been another baby. Before they could make a plan to escape from this cellar a new baby had come.

Peter and Lisa, the babies now in the room, had come the same year. John had had to leave school because other brilliant children were being born to the Savkos. Child after child, the pride of their teachers—the rising tide of aspiring young life had condemned those older to this filthy courtyard.

Lisa stood on the bench, her head silhouetted against the window. In her hand she held two flat pieces of gum; with these she made a cross against the window-pane, then a T, then an angle, then she put them carefully in her pinafore pocket. Then, tranquil, serious, absorbed, she looked at a book standing there, and so continued in her little world while her mother talked.

Father Kazinci translated: "Would I live here if I could get out? Would I live here, would I remain where the dirty water of the privy overflows and crawls over the court under the doorsill until it makes a pool on my kitchen floor? Is that a view for children to look at year after year, year after year? To keep them clean I must wash out in the yard. Look, missus, this is my apron!" She brought a stiff oilcloth apron, still frozen. "I wash out in the cold, so I won't splash water over my children, so they can have a dry place to play. Eleven souls to keep clean here in this Braddock means work."

She continued her story, illustrating it with wide and ample gestures:

"On Christmas we were all here, Johnny and his wife and the baby. Father, you see this little room and this small table, these few chairs? Fifteen souls. Some ate. I cleared away. Others sat down. The little girls sat on the stairs. Two boys used the black stove for a table. The children laughed and were happy because there was goose and stuffing, but my heart was heavy. Must the children eat from the floor like pigs even on this day of our blessed Lord? It was no comfort to me that he was born in a manger. For this one day I would have shortened my life if we could only all have sat down together. If only we might all of us, young and old, have celebrated Christmas by eating together at one table. I thought how beautiful if we could all have sat down together, each in his own chair, each with his own plate and knife and fork, on this one holiday. What happiness!"

Lisa put both arms around her mother, who gathered her up. Her arms had always been full of babies. You could have told that by the way she enfolded Lisa. She went on with her story. There was in it one green spot of delight.

Once, when Joe and John had been babies, she and her husband had $180 saved, and they had gone to Holyoke and visited a sister. They would have stayed, but there was no work for the father to do. That had been eighteen years before, but the memory of the wide Connecticut Valley and the sweet New England towns still gladdened this woman's heart.

The children began coming in from school. Tic, tac, toe, three little girls, Mary, Annie, Susie. They dragged a table out from underneath the big table and sat upon it, playing. Happiness lived in this meager room. It was a home made abidingly good by that undaunted, courageous mother. Here people were kind to one another. The little girls played together quietly with the harmony of children accustomed only to love.

Stevie came in, and George. The baby waked up, and his mother took him in her arms. The window was a luminous square of dark blue. She sat there, silhouetted against it, enormous, her head erect in the defense of her own. As the dusk deepened the children came to her, crowding themselves into her flanks. The three little girls stood on one side, Steve next, and then George.

She was talking: "Ah, my dears, that was a terrible time—yes, yes, that was the time! That was the time! Despair stared at me. Despair was stronger than God's hand. Despair walked at night beside me. They laid him off—they laid off our father! *We* were on strike just now, but it was the company that was striking *then!* I had Annie in my arms, another coming, seven mouths to feed! What can I do? I sat one day for six hours in the boss's office. 'I will stay on my knees here,' I thought, 'until he takes our father back. Even if it is a slack time, there is some work,' I thought, 'they must give him to do.'

"It was at that time I used to buy rags from the ragman—the rags the Americans had thrown away—and wash them clean and patch them and make clothes for the babies. What could I do?

"That was when my Johnnie went to work. He was thirteen. Ah, it broke my heart! He found himself work at night, so he could study at day. For a year he held the hot links of chains in a pincers from five o'clock at night until three in the morning, but the hot metal hurt his eyes. His eyes were always red, but he would not give up. You remember, Father, he did this for a year. He would fall asleep over his books, poor boy!

"Oh, my dear, misfortune has followed me from the day I left my own land. One misfortune after another. Now it is Stevie who must work."

"What do you do, Stevie?"

"I set up pins in the bowling alley from six till half-past eleven. I get five dollars."

"How could I help it, Father? It is always the same, so many mouths to fill." She looked at us with her extraordinary intensity and cried out: "Would to God I had never come! Would to God I had never seen this land! Would to God I had remained where, if we had no school, we might have had blue sky and green fields about us! What good does it do them—the few days of schooling? With them it is a thirst and a hunger for knowledge, and I must hunger and thirst with them and see them starve for the knowledge they cannot have. What is the meaning, Father? Why should things be so?"

She sat there in the dying light with

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her children around her, easing her overburdened heart by her talk. This was all she knew of America. The wide currents of our country had never touched her. Opportunity had proved illusion. There had been one glimpse into the country which we so love; for the rest she had lived within the iron autocracy of the steel town.

Yet she was the woman whose praise poets have sung down the ages—the unselfish mother. What could any one have taught her in this country? Not a greater devotion, surely. Nor could she have learned to make a better home. Its enveloping goodness was as unescapable as light—an atmosphere in which those children throve. For them she fought a continual battle with the three fears which cloud the lives of all working people—the fear of unemployment, the fear of illness, and the fear of old age.

As I sat there and listened to this story of thwarted dreams I felt as if I had been trying to keep from crying for a long time. I was angry, and I was right to be angry. My country was being robbed before my eyes of its greatest wealth; it was being robbed of its ambitious children.

John Savko, whose brilliant mind clamors to be fed and who worked a year heating the links of chains rather than leave school; then Andy, Joe, Mike, and now Steve putting up pins in the alley at night.

Perhaps when Joe comes back from the Navy things will be better for this family so disinherited from things which we are proud to call American.

The door opened, and Johnny came in. Upstairs the father and Andy, the third son, were sleeping—both on the night shift. They were all gathered under one roof now, this family of aliens who had lived among us for twenty-three years in so precarious a fashion. John spoke. "Father," he said, "I found out the name of the American fellow who got my job." He spoke without irony. "It was O'Rourke."

A CERTAIN RICH WOMAN

BY SARAH REDINGTON

"BUT you haven't told me what you think of this portrait," said the artist.

He pointed to a canvas that I had deliberately ignored all afternoon, though from its place on the big easel it dominated the whole studio. And when he met my appealing "Oh, *must* I?" with a grin that meant "I won't let you off this time!" I said, desperately: "Well, it's diabolically clever, technique and all that—you couldn't paint a portrait that wasn't brilliant, and you know it, so don't fish for compliments. May I have another cup? Not quite so much cream this time, please."

"You may, if you'll talk about the portrait—here, put in your own cream, will you?" He pushed the tea-table nearer and took the lid off the muffin dish. "Go ahead and take that buttery one; you needn't be afraid of getting fat, you're too high-strung. No fear of your acquiring a nice, comfortable figure like the lady on the easel. Tell me, Anne, why are you so peeved about that portrait? You don't like something about it. What is it?"

"I don't like your having painted it," I said, crossly. "Why should you take a client like that—a rich old vulgarian in sables and point lace and diamonds? With your sympathy and insight, you ought to do the kind of old age that is beautiful, that one falls in love with—"

"Whistler's 'Mother'?"

"Exactly, or any other sympathetic study of an elderly woman who isn't just a Mrs. Crœsus. That's a cruel portrait, Bob, a covert sneer. What does the poor old soul think of it? She can't really like it."

He pointed to the masterly brushwork that made the painted necklace wink and glitter in the firelight. "Well, she thinks the diamonds aren't quite bright enough," he drawled, looking at me out of a quizzical eye. "So I've promised to touch 'em up a little. Oh, you needn't put on such a disgusted expression! That's perfectly good criticism from Mamma Bronson's point of view."

I set down my cup with an impatient clatter. "I'm disgusted at your taking orders from that kind of person. You've arrived, Bob, so that you can pick and choose. Why not do only the people who are worth while?"

"Oh, I'm pretty choosy most of the time," he said, slowly, with a wave of his hand towards a canvas on which a few masterly strokes just hinted at the likeness to be. "That little girl over there—I'm doing her because she's worth while, she interests me. And I turned down a grapejuice baron the other day because I didn't like his nose."

"Well, if I were a successful portrait painter I'd turn down vulgarians because I didn't like their vulgarity. Other things being equal, I should think you'd prefer to do people with souls, characters, temperaments—oh, you know what I mean! I don't understand you, Bob. You look at that painful portrait as if you had a real affection for it. Have you grown so mercenary that your best work is the work that pays you best—when it isn't a question of a nose you don't like?" I spoke heatedly, but then my husband says I'm three-quarters idealist.

By way of answer the artist said: "Take off your coat, why don't you? That's a pretty hot fire since I put on the big log." And when I looked my surprise at the sudden change of subject, he added: "I'm going to tell you the story of that portrait, if you don't mind, and you might as well be comfortable while I have the floor. No, you can't go for at least twenty minutes; Tom said he wouldn't call for you till six, and you won't see him then if he gets into a bridge game at the club." Then he began his story, his eyes fixed affectionately on the portrait.

To begin in the middle (said the artist), I was tickled to death at the commission. As it happened, I'd had a run of sweet subjects—débutantes in their frilly tulle dresses, little girls in smocked frocks and pink hair ribbons—you can see it from here. So I felt downright savage, and as if I wanted to get my teeth into something hard; if a cave man had come in, I'd have done him for nothing, just for the fun of painting something ugly and brutal and strong, for a change. Well, no cave man applied, but Mrs. Bronson strayed into my studio instead. I don't mean that the poor old soul was either ugly or brutal, but she was a heaven-sent challenge to a piece of stiff work. For I saw right off the bat that here was my chance to get away with an interesting experiment. You know how Sargent can paint a vulgarian, so that the vulgarity simply leaps out at you from the canvas? Well, the moment I saw Mamma Bronson, I said to myself: "Here's a common old person who measures everything by her money. Go to, I will paint her portrait à la Sargent. It's the chance of a lifetime!" The Bronsons wouldn't see it, not clever enough, but I'd make a big hit with the intelligent public who would recognize the portrait as a covert sneer—the very words you used a little while ago, by the way. Yes, I certainly put it over, if I could make you feel that. But honestly, Anne, it was too easy. It was like taking candy from a child.

In the first place, she was tickled to death at my letting her wear what she liked. She told me naïvely that she had been afraid I would insist on "something artistic;" she said her daughter had two friends who dressed artistically in cheesecloth and gunny-sacks. "I prefer velvet and lace," I said, and you ought to have seen her beam. "I'll wear my new mauve velvet, then," she said, joyously, "and the sable stole poppa gave me last Christmas, and"—here she hesitated and looked embarrassed—"would you mind if I put on lots of jool'ry?" "All you want, Mrs. Bronson," I assured her, and you'd never guess why the hesitation. It was because—I got this later from her in a burst of confidence—she had been afraid "jool'ry" would be hard to paint, and she didn't want to ask too much of me. Can you beat it?

Well, at last we got started, with a piece of valuable tapestry behind her

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:pensively ondulé-ed gray head, and a :rved chair from a Genoese palace for :r to sit in. I casually mentioned what had paid for these spoils of travel, and :und that I had struck the right note. /hen she was talking about the price of :ings, her whole face lighted up, and :en, in a paintable sense, she was at her :st. So I worked the game for all it as worth, and the portrait went ahead :ke a house afire. Before she had given :e three sittings I knew exactly what :e had paid for all her "jool'ry," her :bles, her limousine, her Pekingese, and :e new pipe organ in the Jacobean mu-c-room. Or, to be more accurate, what :ppa had paid. Poppa was a little, :ithered, dried-apple of a man, who :oked like anything but an easy spender, ut you know what the American woman —she always knows how to keep the :an behind the check-book busy. It was safe bet that Mrs. Bronson and her aughters had everything they could ossibly want—and then some. Of course ey gave with both hands to well-known harities, and probably were generous nough to their poor relations. I don't :ean to imply that they spent all the :oney on themselves. But the impression hat I got from Mrs. Bronson's cheerful abblings, as I painted the high lights in er diamonds or the purplish shadows in er sables, was that wealth to her meant reat possessions. Lord, how sick and ired I used to get of the price of sun-ursts and limousines!

Well, I went right ahead with my Sar-ent stuff, but on the very day that I had xed for her last sitting we had to call a alt. Appendicitis with complications, nd she had a close call, poor old soul! lowever, money talked, as usual, and here were marvelous surgeons and con-ultants, and the finest suite at the most xpensive hospital, and by and by she ame back for me to finish the portrait, a ittle thinner, and rather pale, but other-ise her prosperous, prosaic old self. I :new it was up to me to ask for details bout her illness and convalescence, so I egan by an inquiry about her surgeon. That opened the floodgates, and, my Lord! was nearly drowned. I think I must ave lost consciousness, for one minute he was telling me how poppa had said e didn't care how much it would cost to et Dr. Rainey back from the Canadian Rockies, they'd just got to send for him, nd then suddenly she was mentioning he price of the wonderful emerald pen-ant that was rocking gently up and own on her lace corsage. I raised awed yebrows, wondering how long I had been sleep, and she droned on:

"And poppa said: 'Well, momma, I uess nothing's too good for you, now we've got you back, and if Mrs. Vander-ilt wants that em'rald, I'm sorry, but she's got to choose something else.'" She aughed comfortably at the subtle jest, hen said, with naïve pride: "That's poppa all over; he always treats me like I was a queen. And he gave me a new utomobile too, because he thought my imousine wasn't upholstered quite as soft as the new model, and I mustn't be jolted after my operation. Ain't that thoughtful of him?" She groped for her lace hand-kerchief, and wiped her eyes as simply and openly as a child, saying, tremulously, as she finished with a sonorous nose blow-ing: "Why, Mr. Eliot, he just wraps me in love every day of my life. I guess people think I talk a lot about my nice things, but the reason I do is because I realize what they mean: a husband who wants me to have the *best*, whether it's automobiles, or jool'ry, or doctors—or por-traits," she added, as a courteous after-thought. "That's why we chose you, Mr. Eliot. There were lots of cheaper artists, but poppa said money's no object. And I'm real glad you're doing my picture, for we've got to be such good friends."

I answered, heartily, "Indeed we have, Mrs. Bronson," and laid down my brush. I wanted to watch her face for an ex-pression I had never noticed before. She went on, her lip trembling a little:

"I don't often talk this way about poppa, for he just hates to have me tell people how good and kind and generous he is. But ever since I've been sick, some-how or other, I can't think of anything else. I just feel like I've *got* to talk about him. Mr. Eliot, we've been mar-ried forty-two years next June" (another interlude with the lace handkerchief), "and he's never given me a cross word. And ever since he made his money noth-ing's too good for me. Why, you're not painting any more, Mr. Eliot! Did my making an old cry-baby of myself spoil the sitting?"

I shook my head. "The light's not very good this afternoon," I lied; "and, any-way, I can finish the portrait without you now. You know this was to be the last sitting. Unless you think you ought to have a special one for that new ring you're wearing?" She chuckled appreci-atively. "Yes, do paint that in. Henry—he's my son—he gave it to me last Mon-day; that was my sixty-fifth birthday." She stretched out her soft, cushiony old hand towards the light, and looked at the winking ruby with a lovely mother-smile. "Mr. Eliot, do you think many men remember their old mother's birth-days like that, when they've got their own families to buy rings and brooches for—young lady daughters who love pretty things?

"I tell you, when I hear rich people pretending they was happier when they was poor, I always feel like telling them they've missed the whole point. I'm glad we got our money, not because I want it for myself, but because it makes my husband and my children happy to buy fine things for me, and I love their pres-ents because it shows how much they care for me. You say you aren't going to paint any more this afternoon? Then I'd better not take up any more of your time. I guess I've wasted a lot of it, talking on like this, but, somehow or other, I thought you ought to know how I felt about these things. I guess I'm the luckiest woman alive, I really do." She turned to me with a smile that was half proud, half apologetic. "Will you help me down, Mr. Eliot? This grand throne-chair is kinder high for an old woman who's just out of the hospital."

I gave her an arm, wondering, as I felt her soft old body lean heavily on me, what she would think if I obeyed the wild impulse to kiss her fat beringed hand and beg her pardon for the wrong I had done her. For there was the por-trait! I glanced at it, hoping against hope that I had failed in the Sargent trick, but no such luck. It was the "covert sneer," all right. I really be-lieve in another moment I would have stuck my palette knife through the can-vas in sheer remorse and disgust, when I felt a soft touch on my arm and heard the comfortable old voice ask, shyly:

"Mr. Eliot, do you mind if I ask you to make just one little change?"

My heart gave a hopeful leap—perhaps she wasn't really satisfied. If I could only paint her again, paint the beautiful soul, this time! But she was saying:

"It's such a lovely picture that I hate to say I could find anything to change in it—after you've taken such trouble, too! But it's just this: could you make the diamonds a little brighter? Poppa gave me that sunburst on my last wed-ding anniversary, and I do want it to show up real bright. Could you fix it without an awful lot of work?"

"Of course I could," I said, heartily. "Are there any other suggestions, Mrs. Bronson?" She shook her head and gave my arm a little pat of approval. "No, it's just fine, especially that lace flounce. I'm real glad that came out so well; my eld-est daughter brought me that piece of lace from Brussels, just before the war, and it cost a lot. And look at the way you've done that fur; anybody could see it was real sable! I can't thank you enough. It's a beautiful, beautiful portrait—much too good for a homely old woman like me."

The artist stopped abruptly. The studio was full of purple twilight and dancing fire shadows, but the portrait had faded into a mere dark rectangle on a ghostly easel. He switched on a cluster of lights and it leaped into life again, brilliant, unfeeling. We both went up to it and looked at it a long time without speaking. Then, as my husband's car honked imperiously in the street below, I said, thoughtfully:

"I see now why you looked at it so affectionately—you hate it for itself, but you love it for her."

He nodded. "*She* likes it, that's all that counts," he said. "Any further comments?" I didn't answer at first, for I was still gazing into the eyes of the woman who had great possessions. Finally I said:

"Don't fail to make those diamonds just as bright as you can, Bob. That's *important*." And I smiled at him; but he knew that I meant it seriously, for, somehow or other, my eyes were wet.

"I always knew you were an under-standing kind of a woman, Anne," said the artist approvingly.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

THE ISLAND OF SHEEP[1]

ANY writer who can provoke a smile of comfortable contentment over a discussion of the League of Nations controversy, the labor chaos in Great Britain, the Irish imbroglio, and the confusion of American public opinion with regard to its European responsibilities, is a public benefactor. This, however, is just what the authors of "The Island of Sheep" succeed in doing. The little book appears to be the work of collaboration, for it is written by "Cadmus and Harmonia," pen names of perhaps a husband and wife. The publishers inform us that "Cadmus" is a well-known British man of letters, and affairs. We take it that his colleague, "Harmonia," is a woman, both because of the feminine termination and because of certain touches in the book which we think could be given only by a woman's hand. The mechanics of this modest volume are very simple.

A group of ladies and gentlemen, both British and American, meet at a house party as the guests of Colonel Arthur Lamont and his wife at their country home on an island in the Scotch Highlands. It is a curious company of both democrats and aristocrats, including a Scotch clergyman who is both a devout Christian and a devoted fisherman. The host and hostess are described by the playwrights—for the book is really a dialogic play rather than a fictional narrative—as "two retired gentlefolk who are distressed by the future of their country."

These diverse *dramatis personæ*, who under ordinary conditions would perhaps be repelled by their varying social distinctions and their divergent views of politics, are really drawn together by their common experiences of the war and their common anxieties about post-war problems. Two labor leaders, one of whom drops his h's with perfect abandon, are in the party, and are not the least attractive and successful members of it. The general atmosphere of this interesting house is intimated by the following exchange of ideas between the host and hostess, which takes place just before their guests arrive:

> Colonel Lamont rose, revealing six feet of lean manhood clad in the most ancient of tweeds. He stared for some minutes at the delectable landscape beneath him. A shallow glen, seamed by a shining river, wound to a pale-blue ocean. It was bright with the young grass of May, and patched with snowdrifts of blossoming hawthorn. There was no sound in the valley except the ripple of the stream and the faint calling of curlews from the hill.
>
> "I've been looking forward to this for four years," he said. "Peace, you know—the real peace in one's own place among one's own people. And now that I have got it I don't seem properly to enjoy it. There are too many empty houses in the glens. Too many good fellows who will never gillie for me more. And this old world has got such a twist that I can't see it settling down in our time. I wish to Heaven I knew where we all stood. Kathie, my dear, I am feeling very much older, and I am losing my nerve."
>
> The lady looked at him with troubled eyes. "Do you think we ought to be entertaining on such a big scale, Arthur, if we are so much poorer?"
>
> "Confound it, my dear, it is not the money. Jennings went through my position with me yesterday, and we are still pretty well off. I wouldn't mind paying fifteen shillings in the pound in taxes for the rest of my days. No. It is the country I am worrying about. Here we have gone and sacrificed the better part of a million of our picked men, and crippled hundreds of thousands more for life. And for what? We have won, of course, but we don't seem to know what we've won. Those damned politicians are at the job again. I thought we had washed all that out."
>
> "And Bolshevism, dear!" said his wife.
>
> "And every little faction on the globe wanting to turn itself into a state!"
>
> "And our own Labor people so discontented!"
>
> "And all this business of the League of Nations! How on earth are we going to give up our navy and trust the fortunes of Britain to a collection of Kilkenny cats?"
>
> "It's very puzzling, dear. And Agatha writes me such miserable letters about Reginald. He's simply wretched at being out of Parliament, and she has had to change her cook twice since Christmas."

The book has a real flavor which can be obtained only by actually tasting it. It contains the elements of criticism without being cantankerous and the suggestions of remedies without dealing in panaceas. For example, here is a passage that might apply with very slight verbal changes to the disturbed state of mind of many Americans:

> "I wish," said Lady Sevenoaks—"I wish that some of our politicians could be deified. It would be such a dignified way of getting rid of them. They won't be satisfied with ordinary peerages, so we might make them *Divi*. It would be a very complete way of kicking them upstairs, for of course it would be *sacrilege* if they came back to politics. Mr. Hepplewhite, for example—I simply cannot tell you the mess that man made of things in Paris. George says they imported hundreds of clerks, and took hotels and stuffed them with experts on every kind of irrelevant question like the origin of the Kurds and the land system of Nebuchadnezzar, and the whole shepherded by nosy young men in big spectacles, which is the new Foreign Office type. George says the French began by giggling at us and then grew very cross."
>
> "It seems," said Colonel Lamont dolefully, "that we have won the war and are doing our best to lose all the fruits of it. Nothing has gone right since that infernal armistice."
>
> The tone was so dejected that Christopher Normand's sense of comedy was stirred. "Cheer up, old man," he said. "In time we'll get used to the horrors of this Peace to end peace. . . . We're all getting too pessimistic. After all, none of our troubles are new. Read the memoirs of a hundred years ago and see the fools our people made of themselves at European congresses—hordes of smart women and flimsy bureaucrats cumbering the busy men. Even our Labor troubles—every one of them—have a long ancestry. I am prone to the dumps myself, and the best cure is to read a little history."
>
> Mr. Normand had raised his voice, as his habit was when he was in earnest, and three newcomers had approached the table ere the diners were aware of their presence. Two were tall young men; one was small and middle-aged, with a thin face, fiery red hair, and restless brown eyes. This last caught the concluding words of Mr. Normand, for he signalized his advent with loud approval.
>
> "'Ear! 'Ear!" he said. "That's well spoken. What we all want is to learn a bit of 'ist'ry."

We need hardly add that the guest who says "'Ear! 'Ear!" and recommends as a sedative for the present feverish condition of politics and labor "a bit of 'ist'ry" is one of the two members of the new British Labor Board, who, for reasons that will appear perfectly natural to any one who reads the book, are included among the guests. The reader cannot help feeling that if these two men are fair samples of present British labor leaders then the industrial crisis in Great Britain is not quite as alarming as it is sometimes painted.

In another conversation with Lady Sevenoaks and Mr. Jonas, the labor leader, appears this interesting and significant passage:

> "I'm not speaking about classes," said Lady Sevenoaks. "I am speaking about creeds. Do you mean to deny that Bolshevism is rampant in British labor to-day?"
>
> "Of course I do. It's a bad 'abit to call a thing names when you don't understand it. Of course the workers are restless, same as everybody else; and since they 'ave won the war they want a square deal with the fruits of peace. But they ain't Bolsheviks—barring a few dozen miscrants who should be in jail. What's Bolshevism anyhow? Judging by the Russian specimens, apart from their liking for 'olesale 'omicide, it seems to mean a general desire to pull things up by the roots. Well, that ain't the line of the British workingman. He is the soundest conservative on the globe, and what he wants is to get his roots down deeper. In other countries the poor man has a grip on the soil. In this country he 'asn't 'ad that for two hundred years. We are over-industralized, as the saying is; but a root's got to be found somewhere, and he finds it in his unions. That's why he's so jealous about them, and quite right too. He wants to find security and continuity somewhere. Now that's the opposite of Bolshevism.

The ideas of Mr. Jonas with regard to British labor are quite as applicable, we are inclined to think, to American labor.

The little book ends with a word from Mr. Macmillan, the Scotch minister, who apparently thinks more of neighborly and unselfish human relationships than he does of dogmatic theology. He does not talk in the pious formalism of the conventional pulpit, but it is quite clear that he believes that the present state of world quarrelsomeness, which has succeeded the actual fighting of the war, can be alleviated only by a genuine and profound spiritual revival.

We do not wish to give the impression that the book is in the slightest degree didactic or "goody goody." It is quite the opposite. It has a real literary quality. When the reader finishes it, he may be inclined to think first, that although done by a master hand, it is a rather slight contribution to the great post-war discussion. But the more he thinks about it the more the reader begins to perceive that "The Island of Sheep" is a microcosm of the present mental and physical state of the world, certainly of the English-speaking world. If "Cadmus" and "Harmonia" can talk as intelligently and at the same time as lightly and vivaciously as they have written, we should like to know them very much indeed.

[1] The Island of Sheep. By Cadmus and Harmonia. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

THE NEW BOOKS

ART

Book of Marionettes (A). By Helen Haiman Joseph. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

"There's nothing any person has ever said which isn't amusing, honestly and truly amusing, when transferred to the mouth of a marionette. . . . It is simply funny, a sort of unconscious, undeniable

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CINGALESE PUPPETS—KING AND QUEEN

PIERROT GUITARISTE (FRENCH)

OLD ENGLISH PUPPETS

From "A Book of Marionettes" (Courtesy of B. W. Huebsch, publisher).

criticism of the manners of men." So says the author of this amusing and whimsical book, which reflects admirably the character of its subject. Not that marionettes are exclusively used for comedy. They have been employed as instrumentalities for the portrayal of tragedy for ages in Japan, where, we are told, as many as two hundred epic poets have written for the puppets, and over a thousand dramas have been composed for them. Italian audiences have been thrilled (while sophisticated aliens have been entertained) by realistic historical plays such as "St. Helena, or the Death of Napoleon," a puppet show of which a characteristically humorous description by Charles Dickens is quoted in this book.

The recent use of the marionettes in America, where the puppet show has in many places surprisingly held its own against the attractions of the movies, is described interestingly by the author, with comments on the shows given in New York, Cleveland, and Chicago.

The puppet show has flourished among many races and in different ages; it is primarily an outgrowth of the taste of the common people, though it has also entranced courts and kings. The range of interest that it has evoked is well set forth in this book, which also goes into the methods of constructing the puppets and the manner of operating them. Something of the extent of the popular appeal of these "little people" of the stage is indicated in the pictures reproduced above, showing as they do French, English, and Cingalese marionettes.

FICTION

Allegra. By L. Allen Harker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A study of the theatrical and dramatic experiences of Allegra, a young actress "in stock," and Paul, a young writer.

Contemporary Drama of France (The). By Frank Wadleigh Chandler. (The Contemporary Drama Series.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Man for the Ages (A). By Irving Bacheller. Illustrated by John Wolcott Adams. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

A capital book for boys and for men who have not lost the boy's heart, and for women who understand and appreciate boys. (N. B —Most mothers understand and appreciate their boys better than the fathers do.) Mr. Bacheller has either lived in the Middle West or made a careful study of it; he has the right kind of humor to appreciate and to portray the humor of Abraham Lincoln; his portrait may be a trifle idealized, but in such a book that is not a fault, and the realism of the story is such that the reader wonders whether the author has not had some access to materials unknown to previous historians. The fiction is so ingeniously woven into the fabric of history that it is impossible for any one not an expert in the history of the period treated to separate the two. The drawings by Mr. Adams are a real addition to the narrative, which is more than can be said for most of the illustrations that accompany modern novels.

Marching Sands. By Harold Lamb. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

While rather slow in getting into action, this tale is thrilling in the extreme after it once gets its American explorer into the Gobi Desert of Central China. He is sent there by scientists to discover a concealed and guarded tribe, the existence of which is to prove an Aryan racial streak in the Chinese. He finds these strange people, and he also finds danger and love.

Skeleton Key (The). By Bernard Capes. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

The late Bernard Capes was one of the few writers of mystery and detective stories who make an honorable effort to combine plot with literary workmanship. This posthumous tale is one of his best. It has a decidedly original *dénouement* which will puzzle even practical mystery solvers.

BIOGRAPHY

Selections from the Writings of Jesse Harding Pomeroy. Privately printed, Boston.

Among the remarkable literary productions that have come out of prison experiences, this pamphlet by Jesse Pomeroy will take high rank. People with long memories will remember that he was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1874 and for what crime. That he could retain his mental faculties during forty-two years of solitary confinement is surprising; that he could during this imprisonment learn several languages, acquire a fair knowledge of history, and write numerous essays and poems that display no bitterness or rancor against fate, but, rather, a serene acceptance of what life has brought to him in the way of good, is one of the unexplained marvels of psychology. The pamphlet would be pathetic in the extreme if it were not surcharged with a cheerful optimism.

WAR BOOKS

Ireland an Enemy of the Allies? (L'Irlande-Ennemie?) Translated by R. C. Escouflaire. E. P. Dutttton & Co., New York.

"Talk about Ireland in any London drawing-room, even at a moment when the Irish are indulging in the most outrageous lawlessness and treason, you will never hear a word of hatred, but an indulgence is shown which amazes one." This clemency is scarcely shown by the author who writes the above-quoted words. He is a Frenchman who pillories the Irish with the enthusiasm of a new convert to the traditional British view. His book is well written, but without the wise judgment that comes through the sympathetic understanding that such men as Lloyd George bring to the problem.

Russian People. Revolutionary Recollections. By Princess Cantacuzène (Countess Spéranky, née Grant). Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Soldiers All. Portraits and Sketches of the Men of the A. E. F. By Joseph Cummings Chase. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

People who say they are "tired of war books" should beware of examining this one, for if they do they will want to own it. It presents the portraits and tells the stories of Americans who performed extraordinary feats in the war—from Sergeant Adams, who single-handed captured 375 Germans, to General Pershing, who bossed the entire job. The portraits were made at the front, and they are spirited, varied, and alive with the characteristic traits of the American soldier. They constitute a fine and enduring achievement.

A CORRECTION

Three books by Christopher Morley—"The Rocking Horse," Songs of a Little House," and "Mince Pie"—were erroneously credited in the Book Table of February 4. They are published by the George H. Doran Company.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Labor and the Open Shop

SENATOR POINDEXTER and The Outlook discuss labor and the open shop in this issue. Read the Poindexter article first.

Judging by what Senator Poindexter says in this article, what do you consider his attitude toward labor is? Do you think he is in sympathy with laboring people?

With what statements made by the Senator do you agree and with which ones do you disagree? What are your reasons?

Now read The Outlook editorial on "Labor and the Open Shop," found on another page. In your opinion, does The Outlook have a better attitude toward labor than does Senator Poindexter? Why, or why not?

What is meant by the "open shop"? Are you for it or against it? The Outlook says that we cannot go back to it. Is The Outlook right?

Discuss whether, in your opinion, the World War has helped or hindered the cause of labor.

Would you favor the enactment of a National law compelling individuals to stay at their jobs? Would such a law be Constitutional? Would it be democratic?

Does it seem to you that there is any real or permanent solution to labor troubles in this country? Has the present Congress done what it should toward the solution of our labor troubles?

Define: *Specious arguments, infinitesimal, "invisible government," paramount, inalienable rights, skilled artisans, palliate, inimical.*

Considerable material toward answering many of the questions in this study and other questions concerning labor and capital may be found in the following books: "Organized Labor in American History," by F. T. Carlton (Appleton); "Problems of Labor," edited by Daniel Bloomfield (The H. W. Wilson Company); "Trade Unionism in the United States," by R. F. Hoxie (Appleton).

The Menace of the Lusk Bills and "Sweetism"

Just what are the provisions of the so-called Lusk Bills?

Can you point out just what there is in them that justifies The Outlook and Senator Davenport in characterizing them as "drastic," "futile," "Russian," and "Prussian"?

Are you able to explain how the methods of remedy these bills propose might "arouse a hundredfold more unbalanced radicalism" than they would allay?

If the Lusk Bill dealing with education should become law and you were a teacher in a New York school affected by the provisions of the bill, would you resign your position and encourage other teachers to do likewise? Would such action in principle be following the method of the "outlaw" strikers?

The editors of The Outlook say that our country "had tragic and memorable experiences of the same kind [as those involved in the Lusk Bills] following the Civil War and the American Revolution." To what do they refer?

Discuss whether it would be well to have no supervision except by the teachers themselves over the things taught and discussed in our public and private schools.

What is "Sweetism"? Is there any of it in your local government?

Define the following terms: *Chaos, espionage, seditious activities, subvert, allege.*

Overalls

The Outlook in its editorial on "Overalls" seems to have little confidence in results from the overall propaganda. Why so?

Do you consider that those who joined the overall protest against the high price of clothes attached themselves to a foolish and valueless exhibition?

Do you consider the overall parade in New York City a typical American way of expressing opinion?

How do you account for the present high cost of clothing? What suggestions can you offer which you think would reduce the high cost of clothes?

Do you think the American people are wasteful in reference to clothes? Do you get every possible day of service out of the clothes you buy?

Formulate and discuss a proposition suggested by this editorial.

What About the Soldier's Bonus?

On different pages in this issue Mr. Blachly and The Outlook speak of the question of granting a bonus to soldiers.

Whence the name "bonus"? What kind of bonuses do you know about?

Does Mr. Blachly believe in a bonus for the soldier? What do you think of the arguments he uses?

Do you think the Government should give aid to the crippled and disabled soldiers? If so, what would you consider adequate provision for them?

Discuss whether the Government should aid able-bodied soldiers. What, in your opinion, would be accomplished by granting aid to them?

The writer knows of an able-bodied soldier who now has a better position than he had at the time he went overseas to fight the Hun. He wants the Government to grant him a cash bonus. What do you think of him? What are your reasons?

If you believe in granting a bonus to soldiers, how would you have the means to meet the expense involved raised? Should all or only well-to-do people be made to stand the cost?

Explain what Wisconsin has done for its ex-soldiers. Has your State done anything for its ex-soldiers? If not, why not?

Explain the following expressions: *Timorous, euphonious, aliases, pension, foist, sinister view-points.*

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestion to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.

McBRIDE BOOKS

MARQUERAY'S DUEL

By Anthony Pryde

A forceful, dramatic romance of to-day and of the struggle between the best and worst elements in a man's nature. "It's the best I've read in a month of Sundays," says one reader. "You can't skip pages, for each has something you don't want to miss. The political background, Marqueray's character, even the melodramatic spots, are cocktails to a jaded appetite." And another writes: "Success to the best written and most entertaining novel in years!" $2 net.

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By Patrick MacGill

A sombre but heroic story of Ireland of to-day and Sinn Fein, by the author of *The Ratpit* and *Children of the Dead End*. With a realism tempered by sympathy and understanding Mr. MacGill shows us his people working out their small fates, by turns despicable and heroic, but always real. The girl Maureen, struggling against her tragic destiny, is an especially appealing figure among a group of noteworthy characters. "It brings before our eyes the Ireland of to-day as no amount of pamphleteering could," says the *London Times*. "It has creative richness and the supreme quality of truth." $2 net.

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Author of "Dope" and the "Fu-Manchu" stories.

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A new edition of this mocking novel, uniform with Mr. Cabell's other books: *Jurgen, The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, etc. $2 net.

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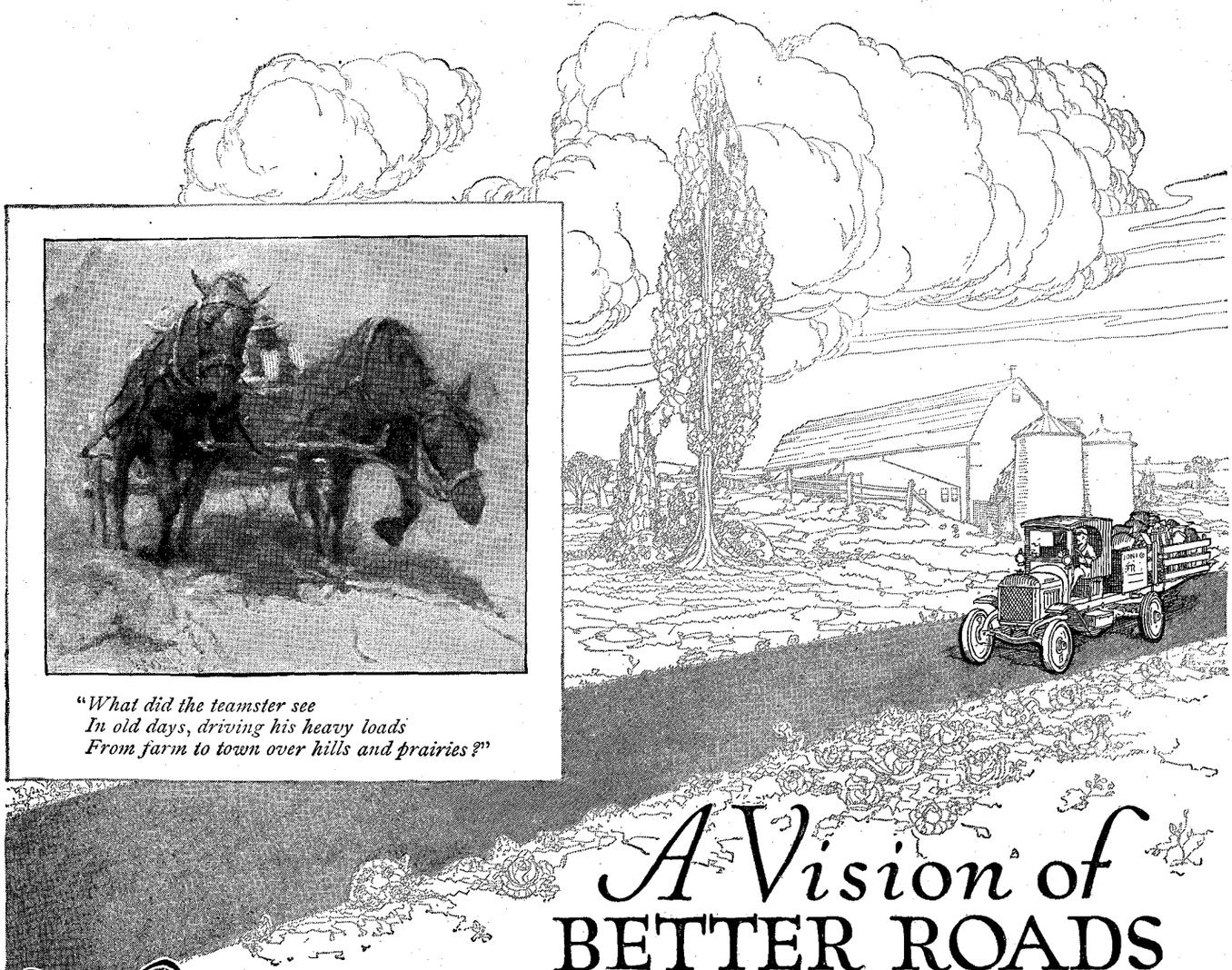

"What did the teamster see
In old days, driving his heavy loads
From farm to town over hills and prairies?"

A Vision of BETTER ROADS

WHAT did the teamster see
In old days, driving his heavy loads
From farm to town, over hills and prairies,
Through mud and flood and storm and washout,
By wood-roads and highroads and the great
National Highways from State to State,
His strong horses straining and sweating through
dust or mire—
What did that hardy teamster see
On those long, hard roads behind his laboring team?

Across the years he saw a vision,
Prophetic, happy, haunting and inspired—
A Vision of Better Roads in the days that were to be.
He saw broad, smooth highroads running everywhere
in a vast network over the country,
Roads without dust or mud or weariness or the
constant labor of repair,
Roads pleasant and swift to travel,
Roads clean and safe and paved,
Leading to great cities and friends and business and
on adventurous, delightful journeys,
All over this broad, beautiful land.
He saw himself and his wife going and
returning over these fair highways,
Making trips to town for shopping or pleasure;
He saw his boys and girls going to better schools,
and better satisfied with their home;
He saw an end to dreariness and monotony
and isolation;
He saw his produce carried quickly to market, and
anything he needed brought as quickly
back to his own door;
He saw happiness, comfort and prosperity in that
Vision of Better Roads—
The vision of things which his energy and
resourcefulness and courage are to-day
bringing to pass.

IT was "A Vision of Better Roads" that brought forth Tarvia—which has given smooth, dustless, mudless, waterproof highways to thousands of communities all over this vast land. If your community does not yet enjoy the benefits of good highways, write at once to our nearest office for information regarding good roads that should interest every citizen.

Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

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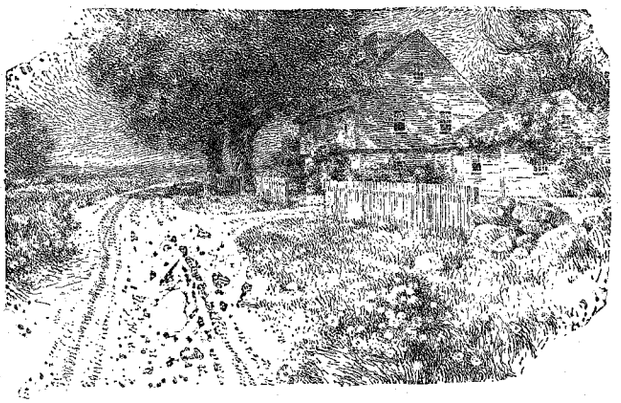

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IT may be a pleasant road, simple to find and follow, or it may be found after much seeking. It is a road paved with sound advice—advice based upon experience, special study and investigation.

A careful investor, for years a client of this Company, says, "I am seeking only sound advice. I look upon each of my talks with a National City Company man as another of the guide posts on my way."

In each of our offices you will find representatives well qualified to discuss with you your investment problems. Backed by the service of a nation-wide organization, these men are equipped to recommend the securities which best meet your requirements.

This help may be had for the asking. No matter how much or how little you have to invest, you will be welcome. You will find our office by turning to the telephone book in any one of more than 50 leading cities.

Meanwhile let us send you our Bond Offerings for May, which lists more than 90 bonds, short term notes, and preferred stocks, each of which is recommended as an investment attractive in its class. Ask for Z 127.

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A NATIONAL INVESTMENT SERVICE—*More than 50 correspondent offices in the leading cities connected by about 10,000 miles of private wires.*

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NEW YORK

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

THE FIELD OF THE RURAL MOTOR EXPRESS

BY R. E. FULTON

Vice-President of the International Motor Company

TO-DAY transportation is the foundation of all prosperity. The growth of cities has pushed the producer many miles back from his market and mines, and sources of raw material are so segregated that industrial development, business efficiency, increased production to meet increased demand—in fact, the very livelihood of the Nation—depend upon an adequate means of transporting goods from the producer to the consumer.

In the whole history of transportation, of its three forms—ships, railways, and highways—the last received the least attention until the motor truck came forward and supplied for the highways what the steam-engine supplied for the railways and waterways—rapid transit. As a result of the introduction of the motor truck we are in a new transportation era—that of highway transportation, just as economically justified and just as sure of steady development as the ships and railways were in their early stages. In the face of the constantly increasing number of rural motor express routes in operation throughout the country, it is evident that the motor truck serves a field that is not satisfactorily covered by any other means of transportation.

No doubt you have often noticed a string of empty freight cars left on a siding for day after day, and thought that waste was hardly consistent with the crying need for cars to carry coal from the coal mines. Delay and unproductiveness such as this are every-day occurrences, and the cause of it all is the inconvenience to the railway of handling what is known as "short haul" traffic—shipments of short distances and transfer within a city. It is because of this kind of business that a freight car travels on an average only six miles a day. It is unprofitable business for the railways. Motor trucks have proved themselves to be qualified to handle this kind of traffic not only quicker and more satisfactorily, but at a lower cost. The gross cost of shipping one hundred pounds of freight from New York City to Newark, New Jersey, for instance, a distance of about nine miles, including teaming charges on both ends, is 91 cents by railway and 15 cents by motor truck. By railway the shipment takes days, while by motor truck it is a matter of only a few hours.

The field of the motor truck is as an indispensable supplement to the railways rather than as a competitor, and it is only a matter of time before they will take over entirely those forms of transportation that are unprofitable to the railways, that congest their terminals, and create a shortage of freight cars for use in long-distance haulage.

The potentialities of the motor truck

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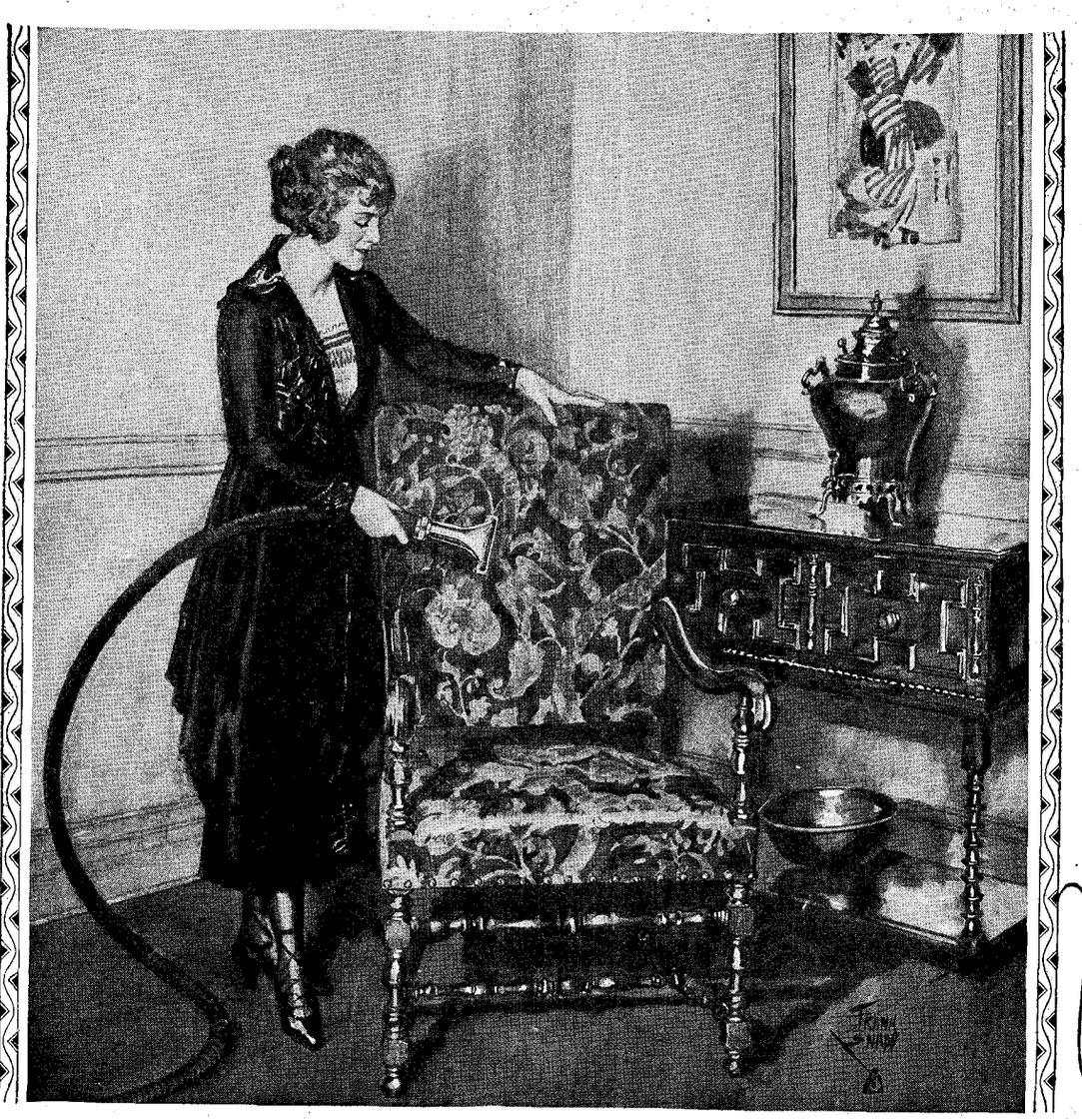

Cleans and Preserves Fine Upholstery

ARCO WAND
VACUUM CLEANER

The thorough renovating of upholstery, tapestry, carpets and fabrics by this efficient vacuum cleaner prolongs the life and preserves the freshness of the color. All surface or ground-in dust, dirt, lint and grit is instantly suctioned away by the light cleaning tools of the ARCO WAND. The accumulations are piped into the sealed dust bucket of the machine in the basement. No dirty bag to handle—no clumsy machine to drag or push—no growling disagreeable noise. So thorough is the cleaning that the ARCO WAND has won first place in all cleaning competitions. It cuts the cost of housekeeping by eliminating the necessity for extra help.

Easily installed in *old* or *new* Residences, Apartments, Theatres, Churches, Schools, etc. Made mounted on trucks for factories, offices, etc. Send for illustrated catalog showing its construction and labor saving uses.

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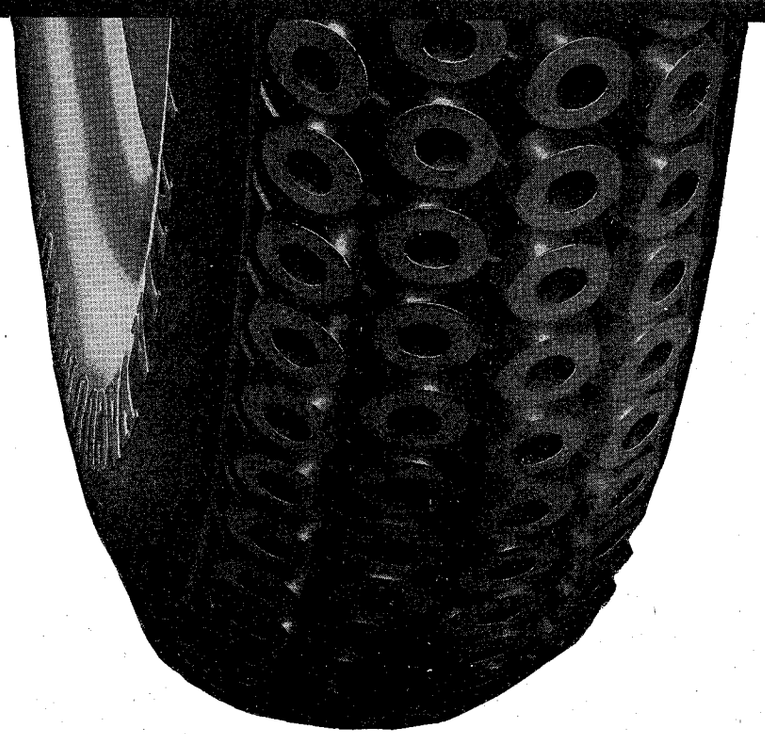

The Vacuum Cup Tread is GUARANTEED not to skid on wet, slippery pavements.

Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Cord Tires, Vacuum Cup Fabric Tires, Channel Tread Cord Tires, and Auto Tubes "Ton Tested" are sold at STANDARDIZED NET prices, uniform throughout the United States. Pay no more for them—do not expect them for less.

Adjustment basis—per warranty tag attached to each casing:

Vacuum Cup Fabric Tires	6,000 miles
Vacuum Cup Cord Tires	9,000 miles
Channel Tread Cord Tires	9,000 miles

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.
Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada
Export Department, Woolworth Building, New York City

"Know them by the Jet Black Tread!"

THE FIELD OF THE RURAL MOTOR EXPRESS (*Continued*)

have much to offer toward increased prosperity in this country. They create wealth by increasing land values and lower prices by establishing more direct connections between the farmer and his market. They give a market outlook to food supplies hitherto unavailable and open up productive regions that had never been touched because of their distance from market and because of the lack of transportation. Their increased use will be of great benefit to the railways and water transportation lines, because they will feed to them tonnage from previously undeveloped sections and sections that the railways cannot afford to penetrate. They will substitute for the disintegrated personality and limited liability of railway shipping on short hauls an agency that personally collects and delivers produce, performing marketing as well as transportation functions.

Through the economies of the motor truck expensive and inconvenient handlings and special packings of produce that are involved in shipping by rail are eliminated. Goods are transported from the producer to the consumer more quickly and in better condition than is possible under present methods. The motor truck goes right out among the farmers, gets their produce, and brings it directly to the buyer in the city without the loss of time on the part of the farmer to take it to the railway station and on the part of the buyer to call for it at the terminal. The result is an actual saving in dollars and cents in transportation costs, and with perishable products, such as milk, fresh fruits, and vegetables, the saving is tremendous. According to a Congressional investigation, the people of this country pay more than $500,000,000 a year in excessive costs for transportation of food products, and it is estimated that fully fifty per cent of the perishable food products in America are wasted through insufficient methods of transportation.

The use of motor trucks by farmers also allows the maintaining of men and horses on the farm that are ordinarily utilized in driving to market with produce. For the farmer who does not ship in large enough quantities to warrant the purchase of one or more trucks the rural motor express gives him all the convenience of a personally owned truck without the cash outlay. It not only hauls his product to the market, but brings him on the return load the daily requisites of the farm.

To have food and fuel we must have adequate transportation, capable of keeping up with increased production as it is demanded. Every new step in National progress is born of necessity, and it is this necessity that points ahead to a steady and tremendous growth of motor-truck transportation that will bring with it prosperity and a better standard of living.

"BACK TO THE FARM"

I read in The Outlook of March 24, under the heading, "Rent Profiteering: Is There a Remedy?" only vague suggestions of remedy for the "dangerous situation" in New York City, "so acute that it had already led to and would further cause physical violence between landlords and tenants."

I will offer a remedy for the dangerous situation that not only confronts New York City, but also the cities of the Nation, and likewise the Nation itself.

When I was born (December, 1830) nine per cent of the population resided in the cities; since that date there has been a steady increase of this percentage until now we have the appalling result hovering around fifty per cent, with over fifty million of our people crowding into the cities and abandoning the country life.

The remedy lies in an active movement "back to the farm," instead of expending a hundred million dollars, or any sum, to build tenement-houses to relieve the congested districts of cities. Better expend the money to not only encourage the people to return to the country, but likewise aid them in an effort to acquire homes of their own, where they can lead a life of independence and usefulness.

I will not undertake to say just how best to accomplish this; we do not want to create a dependent class; help to help themselves is not charity, nor does it foster dependency upon future aid; rather it would build up a spirit of independence and lead to better citizenship. "Where there is a *will* there is a *way*."

If we will but read the lessons of history aright, we will readily see the dangerous situation of the Nation. The decline and fall of the Roman Empire is directly traceable to this cause—the people flocking to the cities until famine stalked in the land. Were we now dependent upon the sickle to cut and the flail to thresh our grain, as I saw and practiced in my boyhood days, we could not now provide for the multitude flocking to the cities. Further, we have been living off the fat of the land until in many districts the soil is partially ex-

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ATMOSPHERE in Advertising

WHAT *scenery* is to a play—*paper* is to printed matter. It is the background for every word you say; it creates the atmosphere, the state of mind, the mental impression of the audience.

We make Strathmore Expressive Papers in innumerable textures, colors and weights to create the right atmosphere for every business or product. There are Strathmore Expressive Papers that say *Craftsmanship* for the craftsmanlike product, Luxuriousness for limousines, **Ruggedness** for motor trucks, DIGNITY for banks, *Daintiness* for silks, and dozens of other ideas, impressions or "atmospheres," less easy to name, but definitely felt by the beholder and readily put to work in your printed matter.

Our "Expressive Advertising" Series of Folders contain a clear exposition of the Expressiveness of Paper, Type, Illustrations and Color—and demonstrate it. Write for a set today.

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STRATHMORE EXPRESSIVE PAPERS

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This Wonderful Range With Two Ovens

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Bakes Bread, Cake, Pies, Biscuits–Broils Steak and Cooks Nine Different Vegetables and Cereals All At One Time.

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for baking bread or roasting meats and the other for pastry baking—It "Makes Cooking Easy"

Gold Medal
Glenwood

Write for handsome free booklet 179 that tells all about it.
Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass. *Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.*

HELP WANTED!

Are you in need of a Mother's Helper, Companion, Nurse, Governess, Teacher, Business or Professional Assistant?

The Classified Want Department of The Outlook has for many years offered to subscribers a real service. A small advertisement in this department will bring results.

The rate is only ten cents per word, including address.

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

"BACK TO THE FARM"
(Continued)

hausted and the yield reduced; this cannot continue indefinitely.

I am not a pessimist. Forewarned, forearmed, is a motto far removed from pessimism. I wish only to sound a solemn note of warning.

My remedy is "Back to the Farm."

Seattle, Washington. EZRA MEEKER.

SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY

BY MARION N. RAWSON

When the armistice with Germany was signed and war activities suddenly ceased, towns and cities all over the country were faced with the problem of what to do with the extensive organization of volunteer workers—a thing too valuable to be lost—and the varying amounts of money which had been raised for war relief. Bridgeport, finding herself in this position, and also realizing the need of social work among her foreigners and those strangers who had flocked within her gates when war wages were attractive, decided to make the two problems solve each other.

Using, with the approval of the Department of Labor, the money which had been appropriated for use in the industrial camps during the war, an independent organization was formed for general community service, with an executive force made up of the heads of the city departments and societies already organized for social work.

It is ten months ago since the Bridgeport Community Service Commission was given birth in a city which, in the minds of many, was already surfeited with organizations; but because of its unique procedure it has filled a real need, not only among those to whom help has been rendered, but also among those who have formerly done all of the rendering. Believing that real community service is service by the people for the people, the Commission has kept rigidly to its initial policy of using volunteer workers wherever possible, and has had thereby a double group of beneficiaries for each endeavor—those who have been blessed in the giving and those in the receiving.

Its aim has been to consider the increasing number of leisure hours in the present working day, and to fill those hours with opportunity for self-expression, believing that men and women will solve their own social problems if they are given a place and responsibility in local activities. Combined with this aim has been the policy of never stepping on other people's toes, but rather to act in co-operation with or for the furtherance of the plans of other organizations with similar aims. In other words, the Bridgeport Community Service Commission has been a rallying-point for all the social activity of the city, as well as an experimental laboratory where new ideas have been tried out and handed on, when successful, to the organization which could best carry them.

Through an institute, which lasted over a week and made the different associations and their activities known to each other for the first time, the Commission received lists of what each could do for general community service, and what help they in turn would like to have from one another. This resulted in its being able to file, for constant reference, a complete list of the resources of the city for social work. Hours of free time, vacant rooms for public assembly, and skilled talent to be had

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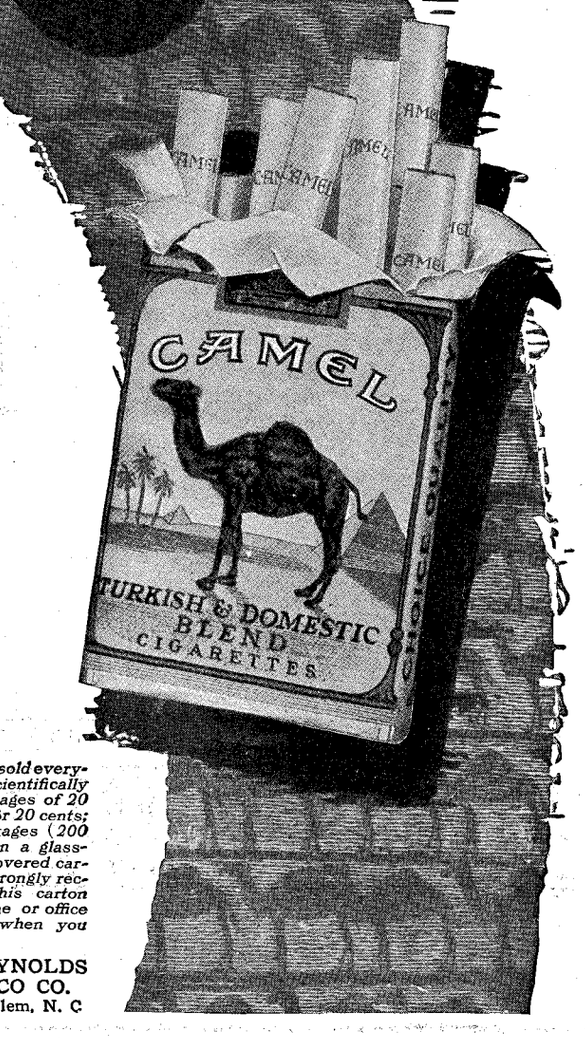
Yes Sir-ee!

We made this cigarette to meet your taste!

Camel CIGARETTES



YOUR own taste will quickly prove that the happiest word you ever heard about Camel cigarettes isn't a drop in the bucket compared with the enjoyment Camels pass out!

Never has been a cigarette like Camels—never such wonderful mild-mellow-body, such refreshing flavor!

Set down Camels quality and Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos *as a cigarette revelation!* And, how you'll prefer Camels blend to either kind smoked straight!

Camels are so unusual in so many ways that you may not be surprised to find that no matter how liberally you smoke, they never tire your taste! And, that Camels leave no unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste nor unpleasant cigaretty odor!

Dip into the joys of Camels and compare them puff-by-puff with any cigarette in the world at any price!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C

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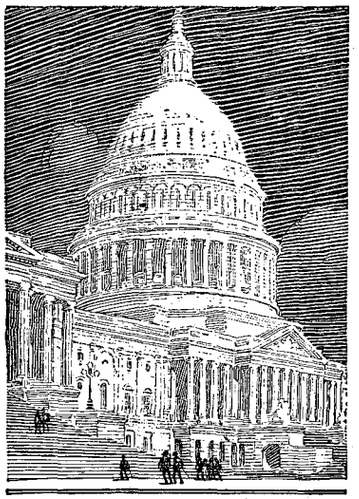

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WE stand for a sane American view of life; for Liberty as guaranteed by obedience to law; for equal rights of capital and labor; for a just reward to all who add to the spiritual, moral and material possessions of the nation; for the duties as well as the rights of citizenship; and for unswerving loyalty to the nation.

We stand for a constructive building-up, with special stress upon the three new emphases in the thinking of the American people: (1) Upon the nation itself and its institutions: (2) Upon the nation in its international relationship: (3) Upon the nation in its industrial aspect.

Our circulation has been called "the first 500,000" —We stand for the things for which the soundest thinking element in each community stands.

If you conscientiously subscribe to our editorial policy as stated herewith, you will more than likely want to subscribe to the magazine. Five dollars brings Leslie's 52 times a year. Start now—your card will be enough. We will send the bill along later. Send us your name and address now.

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SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY
(*Continued*)

for the asking are things which any city might be glad to have at its disposal.

Realizing that there are always people who long to be leaders, or who feel some talent that has never been recognized, and need only the right chance to win a new and desirable self-respect therefrom, the Commission encourages all such people to bring their desires for consideration. It was the resultant discovery of new talent in the city which brought about the three-day pageant staged in one of the parks. Composed entirely of local volunteer effort, it gave entertainment to thousands of people, work and enthusiasm to over a thousand performers, and cost one-tenth of the amount usually expended for such affairs. Many new leaders were discovered and various branches of recreation work enriched.

The idea that leisure hours of profit and happiness make the working hours fuller of contentment is gaining recognition. From all sides are now coming offers of money or service; the young women who go to the crowded or desolate places to tell stories do their share along with the big business houses which send their material contributions. The passing of the nest-egg has caused no consternation, for voluntary gifts have made it possible for the work not only to continue but to increase in scope. During the coming year the work will be carried on in this city of 180,000 people for $10,000.

Among the foreigners there is a new interest in their adopted country. They no longer dread each stranger as "the Government" come to spy upon them, but are coming in closest touch with friendly Americans who show the way without patronizing and give them a chance to show the utmost that is in them, that something which struggles for expression.

A BONUS NOT WANTED

The American Legion and the American soldier and sailor seem to wish to be paid in dollars for having served their country at its time of need.

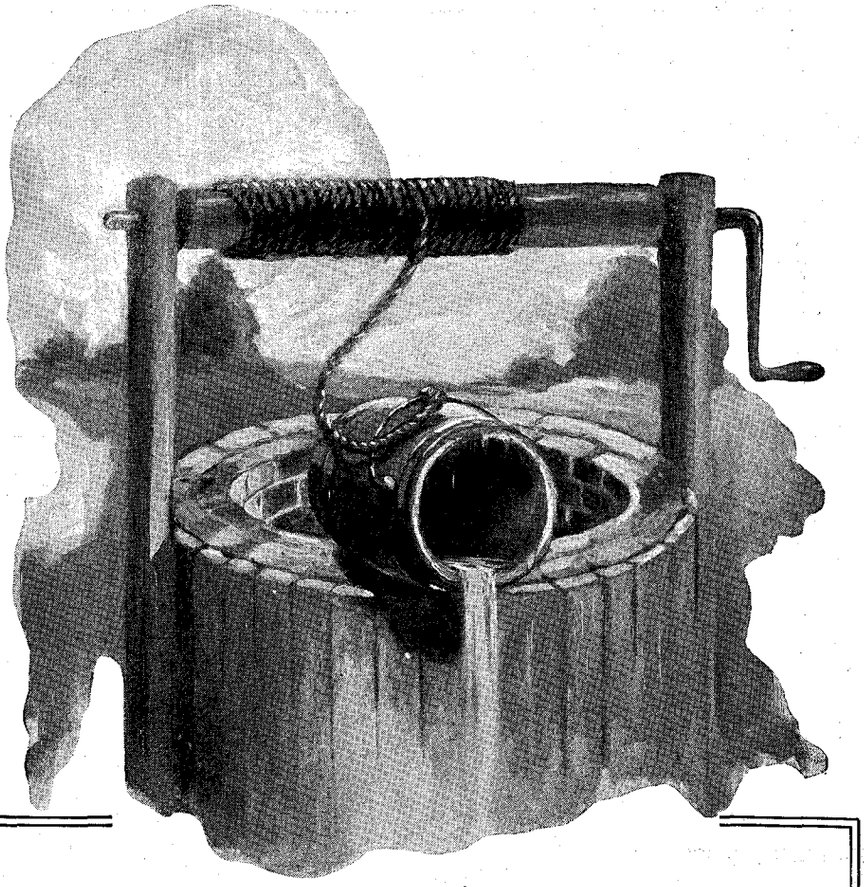
In the local post of the American Legion of which I am a member men are both for and against this bestowal of public money by the representatives of the people.

Personally I do not believe in the bonus. I do not believe that it is needed by the men who went to war and returned physically fit to make their livelihood. It is of course natural that the man who served at personal sacrifice should feel his financial loss keenly, yet the ruling spirit that has made America great has been the public sacrifice of all her citizens. Do we want to have our legislators grant us a bonus to get and to hold our votes? We want men in our higher offices who will not stoop to bribery, and who will be men enough to see that all men wounded in this war are given immediate financial support and education.

Do the members of the American Legion wish to spoil the great appreciation felt by every man, woman, and child by having self-seeking politicians give them dollars wrung from the great American public?

I don't believe that the true American wants to capitalize his service or wants to be paid in dollars for his service to his country—the best country in the world today. Labor wrung its toll from the American people, and so did certain profiteers; but the American soldier and sailor, the American of to-morrow, should have higher principles.

WEBSTER RICHARDSON.



The high cost of water

This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast cost ninety per cent.

Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

Percentage of water

In Quaker Oats	7%	In hen's eggs	65%
In round steak	60%	In oysters	88%
In veal cutlets	68%	In tomatoes	94%
In fish	60%	In potatoes	62%

The cost of your breakfasts

Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

In cost per serving these other good foods run from 8 to 12 times Quaker Oats.

In cost per 1,000 calories—the energy measure of food value—they will average ten times Quaker Oats.

* * * *

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HOW LONG, MASSA JESUS, HOW LONG?

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

Dere's a black moon hangin' low in de sky,
How long, Massa Jesus, how long?
An' dim little stars dat whimper an' cry.
How long, Massa Jesus, how long?
Dere's feet tracks runnin' roun' de roof of de worl',
De wind goes a-wrestlin' wid a rumpus an' a whirl,
An' de Thunder Man shake as dese words he hurl:
How long, Massa Jesus, how long?

How long, Massa Jesus, how long, how long,
How long, Massa Jesus, how long?
Wid de black moon a-dyin' an' de little stars a-cryin',
How long, Massa Jesus, how long?

Ah hears a voice f'om de top o' de sky:
Rise up, Brudder Pilgrim, rise up!
We'll all be togedder in de sweet by an' by.
Rise up, Brudder Pilgrim, rise up!
Ah'll snatch off de veil f'om de moon in her place,
Ah'll dry all de tears f'om each little star's face,
An' de Thunder Man's voice will call yo' wid grace,
Rise up, Brudder Pilgrim, rise up!

Rise up, Brudder Pilgrim, rise up, rise up,
Rise up, Brudder Pilgrim, rise up!
Wid de day-star a-dawnin' an' our darkness turned to mo'nin',
Rise up, Brudder Pilgrim, rise up!

A "REPUBLICAN WEEK-END"

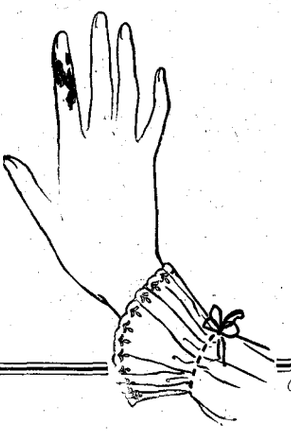
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Whether or not the Democratic Administration's friendliness for those who live by their pens, as manifested in diplomatic appointments, has anything to do with it, evidently the Republican publicists intend to lend their organized aid to the party of their choice in the forthcoming campaign. Equally evidently the Republican National Committee has welcomed the rallying of the writers, as well it may.

Saturday and Sunday, April 24 and 25, witnessed a notable get-together meeting of writers, publishers, journalists, cartoonists, and moving-picture directors at Atlantic City—men who, whatever their past affiliations, are convinced of the present necessity of returning the Republican party to National control. It was called a "Republican Week-End," and the National Committee was the host, although none of its members, and no professional political workers whatever, were present. The guests were given free rein; it was distinctly their own "party."

The reason for the gathering, as outlined in the invitations, was "that the coalescing of these elements will produce a force of incalculable value to stimulate public responsibility throughout the country." Three writers were primarily responsible for the plan and its successful culmination—Owen Johnson, Richard Washburn Child, and Porter Emerson Browne. Other members of the Committee were George Ade, Rex Beach, Ethel Barrymore, Edna Ferber, Don Marquis, John McCutcheon, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Booth Tarkington, and William Allen White.

"The Republican party doesn't have to be compared with perfection. Fortunately,



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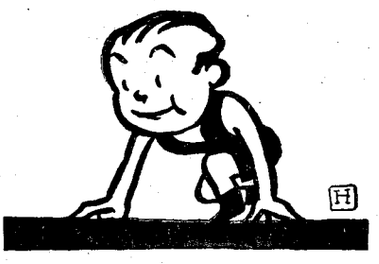

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A "REPUBLICAN WEEK-END"
(Continued)

perhaps, it only has to be compared with the Democratic party." That, in effect, was the rather unusual "keynote" struck by Senator Lodge in his address Saturday night.

It is doubtful if any American political speakers have faced an audience more "hard boiled," which is by way of saying emotionally *blasé*, than this group of writers and publicists to whom Senator Lodge, Governor Edward Morrow, of Kentucky, and Senator Beveridge spoke. And perhaps that was why, at least to an appreciable degree, the usual platitudinous orating about party perfection and the like was omitted.

While it may not have been expressed so frankly in the speeches themselves, the following "message" approximates what the literary-political crusaders took away from Atlantic City; or, at least, it largely represents the sentiment of the visitors themselves:

"The Republican party isn't perfect. Granted. But ours is a two-party political system, and to accomplish anything one of the two must be accepted. To-day, as never before, loyalty to party is essential. The Republican party is far and away the best political vehicle available. In essentials it is sound. If we are dissatisfied with some things about it, our duty and our opportunity is to join with it and, so far as we may, rejuvenate it to our own liking. We men and women publicists owe it to ourselves and our country to get in, and stay in, politics."

The next step in the programme for coalescing the political potentialities of those whose wares so vitally affect public opinion will be the organization of groups in the various professions for the purpose of outright vote-getting from the Convention to November. Two hundred and twenty attended the "Week-End," where, by the way, not a word was mentioned concerning individual candidates. About one thousand are tentatively in line for whatever work the campaign demands and their individual view-points permit.

"I would rather write than be President," was an appreciated line from the mouth of an impersonated Woodrow Wilson at the near-Gridiron performance during the dinner.

And evidently many of those who do write and publish and draw cartoons and make moving pictures, whatever their secret preferences about office-holding, plan taking an active hand in the business of making the next President, which is a very healthy and hopeful sign.

New York City. GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

COLLEGES AND RADICAL AGITATORS

"Parlor Bolsheviki" find no hotbed of political agitation within the walls of American universities, according to the views expressed by William Allan Neilson, President of Smith College, in a recent interview.

"It is often asserted that colleges are largely responsible for the spread of so-called parlor Bolshevism," said President Neilson; "it seems to me that such an assertion implies that the next generation can be rendered immune from such diseases by dosing them with the ready-made conservative opinions. Now, in the first place, it is not the case that in the colleges generally there is a radical tendency in the

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As an experiment we propose publishing these photograph and cartoon coupons in successive issues of The Outlook for a period of some weeks. No cartoons or photographs will be considered which are sent to us otherwise than in accordance with this notice. We are forced to make this a rigid rule as only by this method can we assure to our readers and friends that their photographs will be properly cared for and their cartoons given attention in the order of their arrival. We will pay for such cartoons and photographs as we use in accordance with the agreements printed on the coupons.

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COLLEGES AND RADICAL AGITATORS
(Continued)

teaching. The academic economists are for the most part far from radical, and sources of Bolshevist thinking are not to be found in political economy as it is taught in our colleges.

"Its origin is to be sought rather in emotion than in thought, frequently in a more or less sentimental reaction from the harrowing pictures that are frequently made of the conditions of the workers in various industries.

"Cultivating in students the habit of docile acceptance of doctrines, however safe in themselves, is no insurance against mischievous doctrine. A student who accepts one theory in this passive fashion is just as liable to accept its contrary at a later date. The only method on which reliance can safely be placed is that of training the student in a first-hand investigation of facts; in the power of seeing which facts are significant; and in the drawing of valid inferences. To learn to think straight is the chief aim of a college education.

"To teach students to think straight is the chief aim of colleges themselves. The institution which grasps this firmly will not be driven to interfere with academic freedom. Teachers cannot safely be forbidden to offer their own interpretation of facts, but they can and must be asked to make clear the distinction between the objective facts and the subjective interpretation. When this is done, there is no risk of our institutions being turned into organs of propaganda in the social disputes of the present moment.

"The business of an institution of learning is with the truth and the means of ascertaining it. When this aim is departed from for the purpose of imbuing students with particular doctrines, instead of training them to think for themselves, the institution is false to its duty."

THE NAME JOHN
BY H. M. FARMER

John is the most common given, or Christian, name we have. Its history is curious. It came originally from the Hebrew Jehohannen, "God is gracious." The Greeks made it Johanan, and in the feminine it became Anna and Hannah. The name was unknown in Saxon England and was seldom used among the Normans. In the Doomsday Book, the record of the inhabitants of England which William the Conqueror had compiled, only two Johns are listed, and one of them is a Dane.

John was the name of the beloved disciple and the writer of one of the Gospels. As the Bible became more familiar to the people of Europe, this name became increasingly popular in Europe, especially after the Bible was translated from the Latin into the language of the people.

An enormous increase in the number of Johns resulted from the pilgrimages and the Crusades. About the year 1000 it became customary for devout Christians to make journeys to the Holy Land in order to see the places made sacred by the life of the Lord. At first they went as peaceful travelers. Later they went as armed bands, intent upon rescuing the tomb of the Saviour from the infidel. Each pilgrim was known by two signs—a cross worn on the shoulder or breast and a bottle at his belt. The cross was the symbol of his vow to rescue the tomb of the Saviour, and the bottle was to be filled with holy water from the River Jordan. On the return of the pilgrims, the contents of their bottles were used at christenings. Happy was the

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mother who could secure a few drops of water from the river in which the Saviour had been baptized for the baptism of her own child. The name John would naturally occur as appropriate for a boy baptized under these conditions, since Jesus was baptized in the Jordan by John the Baptist. It may almost be said that the world went suddenly John crazy. It was soon estimated that two-thirds of the English males were named John. Families of six or seven boys were all named John.

So common did this custom become that various methods had to be adopted to distinguish one John from another. The surnames Littlejohn, Pettyjohn, Mickle-john and its Norman equivalent Gross-jean (meaning Big or Fat John), Benjohn (Good John), from which the immortal name of Bunyan is corrupted; Upjohn (John on the hill), Donjohn (Downjohn, or John in the valley), are all examples of attempts to distinguish one John from another. Many of these names still exist as surnames.

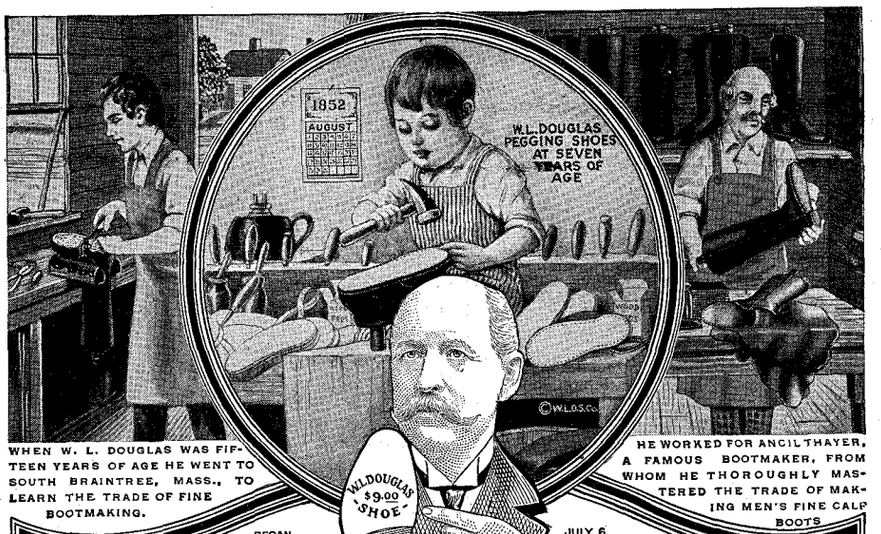
Considering the popularity of the name John and the fact that at this time it was spelled "J-o-n" and pronounced "Jone," the size of the Jones family will be explained. The name means "son of John." John Jones is found in almost every community. In Wales this name is so common that, in the words of the Registrar-General, it is a "perpetual incognito." A warrant for "John Jones" issued to an officer in Wales might almost as well have used the word "man" instead of the name. It would mean no one in particular. A single Welsh militia company had thirty-six John Joneses.

The German form is Hans, and sometimes Johan. From these we have the surnames Hanson and Johanson. The diminutive is found in Hanks, Hankin, Hankinson, Jankin, Jenkins, Jenson, and Jennings. Shane is the Irish form of John and Jean the French. McShane and McGinnis are the equivalents of our English Johnson and Jackson, the prefix "Mc" meaning "the son of." Giovanni is the Italian form of John. The Scotch feminine forms are Jean, Joanna, Janet, and Jessie. The French have Jeannette, the Spanish Juanita, and the Russians Ivanna. All of them are Johns, varied to suit the usages of the various languages, and the fertility of resource is displayed in forming diminutives and nicknames.

It is under its nickname Jack that we find how abundant was the popularity of the name. It was so common as to become the name of every stranger. Every passer-by could be safely hailed as "Jack." Even if it were not his name, he answered to it as a matter of course. It passed into proverbs: "Jack of all trades and master of none" is a familiar example.

One of the oldest nursery tales is entitled "Jack and his Beanstalk." Nearly every boy who read or heard it was named Jack. If by chance his name were Bob, or Tom, most of the boys he knew were named Jack, and he himself was called so by every one who did not know or pause to ask his name. The story became exceedingly popular, because it was so easy to make a personal application.

From being applied so often to human beings, the name Jack passed into use as a name for everything, animate or inanimate. We have now in common use jack-pot, jack-screw, jackstraws, jack-knife, jack-rabbit, jacket, and many others. Jack and his derivatives take up fifteen columns in the Century Dictionary.



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The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

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W. L. Douglas

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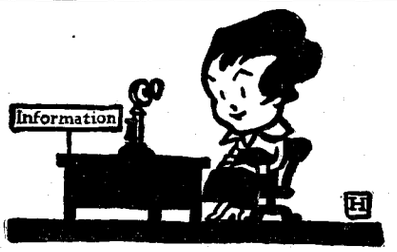

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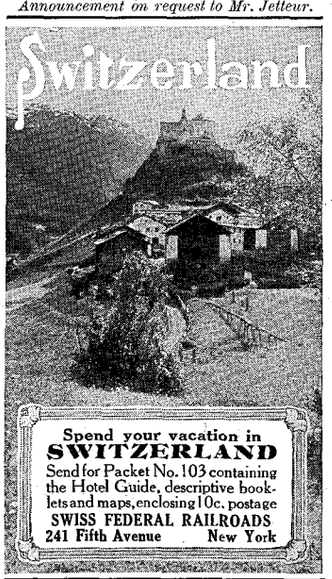

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BOARD WANTED for one or two adults, ladies; must have modern conveniences. Small village or town preferred. If suited might remain for a long period. No style wanted, but a comfortable, happy home. Address Virginian, 1,843, Outlook.

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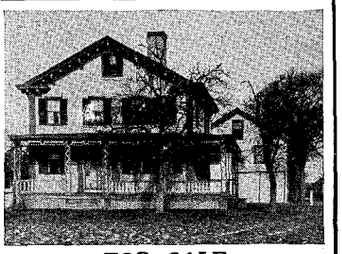

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300 acre farm. 100 acres tillable.
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Mansion house has 12 rooms, all improvements. Barn, workshop, tenement house, henneries entirely adequate to the needs of this fine farm. 1 mile from ocean. ¾ mile from main line of railroad and near Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Send for booklet.

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Modern house, furnished. Spring water, electric light, fine view. Ice-house filled. Garage. L. D. BULKLEY, 39 West 58th St., New York.

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Summer cottage on lake shore, facing mountains; large, fully furnished, seven chambers, hot and cold water, spring water, bathing. Through Pullmans to lake. Trout, salmon and togue. Daily mail. Rental $600, includes ice, fuel and complete equipment. For references, photographs and particulars address F. S. Snyder, 55 Blackstone St., Boston, Mass.

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A Country Home

Well planned, well built. Seven rooms, bathroom, and attic. Living-room 22x16 feet, fireplace, modern furnace, unfailing water supply. Wide mountain views. 1,300 feet above sea level. One acre of land, more available. One mile from railroad station; one mile from trolley line. Price $4,000. Inquire PARKER & SHIPTON, Pittsfield, Mass.

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New Colonial home of 12 rooms and 3 baths, attractively furnished, modern and improved. Supplied with pure spring water. Garage, garden. Overlooks lake and mountains. Also several smaller furnished cottages. 9-hole golf course, tennis, bathing, boating, fishing.
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Furnished Cottages and Bungalows
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Glenburnie Co., Glenburnie, N. Y.

To Rent Furnished. Old-fashioned nine-room house, modern improvements. Beautiful location. Shady lawn and garden. $325 for season. $65 per month. Address B. PECK, North Chatham, N. Y.

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KEEWAYDIN LODGE—Furnished, eight rooms and bath, large stone fireplace and living veranda, garage. Rent for season, $300.
WAUBEKA COTTAGE—Furnished, seven rooms and bath, large stone fireplace and veranda, garage. Rent for season, $250.
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RAILWAY traffic inspectors earn from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM27. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

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CAFETERIA MANAGERS, dietitians, governesses, matrons, housekeepers. Miss Richards, Box 5, East Providence, R. I. Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

WANTED—A working housekeeper, by business couple, living in a small house in the country, half-hour from Grand Central Station. Willing to have woman with a child who would appreciate a good, permanent home. Address by letter only, giving references and salary expected, Mrs. H. M. Bowdoin, 4 East 48th St., N. Y. City.

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NURSERY governess, experienced, to assist with three boys, 7, 6, and 4 years old. Two oldest attend school. Good salary, permanent position. Seashore in summer. Reference. 7817 St. Martin's Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED, in an orphanage, two capable young Protestant women; one as dining-room matron, the other as nurse and general assistant. Training unnecessary. Salary $50 per month. Comfortable room alone, board, and laundry. References. 8,314, Outlook.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee: housekeepers, matrons, mother's helpers, governesses, secretaries, companions, attendants. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

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WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

THE Edwards Teachers Bureau, Grand Cane, La., needs experienced teachers for remunerative positions. No position, no fee.

WANTED—Governess for one four-year child (near Philadelphia). Mrs. J. R. Lit, Jenkintown, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

YOUNG lady, secretary-stenographer, position June 1, preferably at summer resort. 8,292, Outlook.

WANTED, with bank, industrial firm furnishing opportunity advancement, situation by man, 27, married, college graduate, two years officer army, two years high school teacher. Student accounting. Typist. 8,317, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher, first-class private school, knowledge of stenography, typewriting, traveling England, offers services for passage. Would also execute commissions for business or private concerns during stay. 8,322, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

HIGH school teacher desires position for summer in camp, cafeteria, or private family. Willing to work, outdoors preferred. 8,291, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

PARISIAN lady of education, experienced French teacher, desires to pass summer months in refined family—conversation, reading, teaching French. No remuneration expected, only her expenses paid; no objection for chaperoning or traveling. 8,309, Outlook.

BY trained nurse for summer resort or travel with semi-invalid or child. References. 8,304, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate wishes position as companion or governess. Will travel. 8,298, Outlook.

RELIABLE young woman, experienced, desires position as children's nurse or nursery governess in refined family. Highest references. Please write fully. 8,303, Outlook.

REFINED Protestant woman, 45 years old, of New England birth, with executive ability, wishes position in summer resort in tea room; four years' management in Palm Beach. Would be companion to semi-invalid or elderly woman; no objection to travel. References exchanged. 8,300, Outlook.

CLERGYMAN'S daughter, highly trained, secretary or companion. Will travel. 8,301, Outlook.

YOUNG married man, knowing French and German, widely traveled, desires summer position. 8,311, Outlook.

LADY, congenial, French, English, fond of gardening, wishes summer position as companion or teacher. 8,310, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, medical training, experienced nurse, will take three boys to Maine woods. Preferably boys having some defect requiring correction. 8,315, Outlook.

POSITION as attendant for tuberculosis patient. Experienced and companionable. 8,323, Outlook.

REFINED young lady desires position as companion to lady or children during summer. Best references. 8,328, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

HIGH school teacher, with camp experience, and wife, graduate nurse, desire position at boys' or girls' camp where they may have two young children with them. 8,305, Outlook.

THREE French girls, Vassar student assistants, would like summer positions tutoring in summer school, camp, or family. 8,308, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher for children desires summer engagement. Country home or family traveling. References. 8,306, Outlook.

AMERICAN Protestant college woman, 45, as teacher or office assistant. References required. 8,290, Outlook.

AMERICANIZATION position wanted by woman speaking Japanese. Several years' experience teaching foreigners. 8,289, Outlook.

FRENCH governess or lady companion desires position with people traveling to Europe. Experience and references. 8,294, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher wants position as governess of children for summer months. Competent; lover of children. 8,293, Outlook.

KINDERGARTEN teacher desires Western position, public or private school. References. 8,297, Outlook.

FRENCH lady wishes to spend summer in Europe as teacher or interpreter. Has resided in England, France, Italy, Switzerland. 8,296, Outlook.

POSITION as governess of small children by young woman. Experienced primary and kindergarten teacher. References. 8,295, Outlook.

TEACHER, young man, 31, Episcopalian, nine years' experience, now teaching Episcopalian boarding school, wishes position as tutor, companion, during summer. Athletic coach. Highest references. 8,234, Outlook.

REFINED young woman, normal and college graduate, wishes to travel abroad or to California as tutor or companion. 8,320, Outlook.

COMPETENT young high school teacher of French available for summer; tutor, companion, governess, Athletic, musical. Excellent references. 8,316, Outlook.

PRINCETON undergraduate desires to tutor young boy or boys during summer vacation. Efficiency in riding, swimming, summer sports. Can drive car or motor boat. Violin instruction if desired. Address Box 246, Princeton, N. J.

EXPERIENCED teacher desires Spanish position. Good references. Two years' Philippine residence. 8,313, Outlook.

HAVE few hours open for classes in advanced French or will coach private pupils. Highest references. 8,321, Outlook.

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ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

Don't let it get away from you

What?

The Outlook during this vital Presidential year

You'll find the remedy on page 42

THE MISSION OF THE FOLK-SONG

BY CAROLINE V. KERR

NOT long ago I met a man who said that the only thing he asked of life was to be allowed to retire to some remote spot, preferably on the slope of a Swiss alp, and there read fairy tales and listen to folk-songs the rest of his days. His soul was sick unto death of modern civilization and the terrible world muddle, and he, for his part, would be glad to forswear it all, if only his soul might take a daily bath in one of "nature's unpolluted pools," as he expressed it.

This thought came forcibly to my mind one evening as I looked about me at an audience of the city's foreign-born population, drawn together to participate in an evening of folk-song, arranged by a group of community workers as a part of their Americanization programme. At no concert hall in the city had I seen so many men—not merely youths and younger men eager to profit by any gratuitous diversion fate might throw in their way, but a greater number of men well past the prime of life. Were they too seeking an "unpolluted pool" in which to wash away the dross and discouragements of every-day life? Were they too trying to banish the terrifying thought of world madness and world disaster?

Life had meant a long and hard struggle to them, as was to be seen from their furrowed faces, seamy hands, and eyes narrowed from the effort of looking steadily down at a daily task, instead of up and out at some radiant vision of promise and cheer. Even their tongues have been put through a painful process of acquiring a strange idiom, their minds of adjusting themselves to new social and political conditions, their hearts of endeavoring to take root in a foreign soil. Despite the many years thus spent, these processes are only half completed, and a slender cord, invisible but strong, still binds them to the homeland across the sea.

At the first note of some well-remembered melody an eager light leaps into their eyes, their heads start a-nodding and their feet a-tapping in unison with a favorite folk-dance rhythm, and it is plain to be seen that they have been carried away to the top wave of joyous recollection. Once again they are children soothed to sleep by some old cradle song, or playing at their mother's feet while she spins and sings to them the songs of her own youth. Or they are again treading a measure on the village green with the dark-haired Kata or the fair-haired Theresa, who has opened to them the door of life's great adventure. Perhaps it is the self-same Kata or Theresa who is now sitting beside them, a tender glance and a pressure of the hand transporting them to the happy fields of youth. Often the light in their eyes is dimmed with moisture and hands go up furtively to wipe away the tear that does not necessarily mean the sadness of regret, but only the melancholy of remembering.

It is these very songs which have gladdened their hearts as they stood at the altar and comforted them as they knelt at the bier; which have lightened their tasks in field and forest, given them stout hearts as they went down to the sea in ships, and taken them into the thick of battle with a shout for king and country on their lips. Through life's joys and life's sorrows these

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songs have been their trusty companions, and now come to sweeten the present with memories of the past. As they sit and listen their minds become a nesting-place for all sorts of odds and ends of folk poetry and folk-song, of epic ballads, of daily tasks set to inspiring rhythms, of songs of adventure, of birth, of love, of death, and all the other mysteries of life and nature. Here are visualized all the intimate aspects and circumstances of their own past, and their souls are granted one of life's recesses, in which precious memories are gathered up in a golden cup and offered to lips longing, it may be, for just some such refreshing draught.

Such an audience is musically unspoiled. It neither likes a thing because its neighbor likes it nor does it owe its musical taste to the education received through the columns of the daily press. It has a spontaneous way of expressing its preferences, and while maintaining an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards the programme as a whole, still betrays the pride of possession, and is stimulated to a manifestation of group enthusiasm by essentially racial characteristics of a folk-song.

The war, with its tremendous fomenting processes, awakened a keen interest in the life and thought of alien peoples, and this study of the folk-lore of a country has served to stimulate ethnological, geographical, and historical inquiry, and to open up new avenues of understanding of the foreign groups forming the city's heterogeneous population. It is a curious phenomenon that just at a time when a century-old civilization seems tottering on the brink of an abyss created by racial hatreds, imperialistic greed, and commercial jealousies; when music, art, and literature are following the line of least resistance and becoming the expression of a world governed by materialism and machinery, there should be so noticeable a reversion in certain quarters to the folk-song, or, in Tagorean phraseology, "to the utter simplicity of a tune." This is undoubtedly the reaction of the soul which, troubled and made timorous by the disappearance of all its accustomed grappling lines, is reaching out instinctively for something fundamental to which it can hold fast, and thus restore in some measure its ancient faith in the supremacy of the imagination.

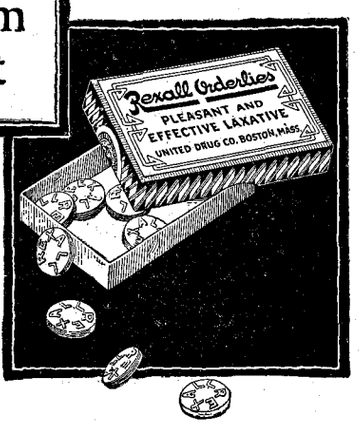
There is something symptomatic in this revival of the folk-song, and, while certain unimaginative souls may condemn such a movement as accentuating the very spirit of nationalism upon the elimination of which so much money and effort is being expended here in our own country, there is another element, perhaps of saner and wider vision, which sees therein a possibility of creating a "binder of song" between alien groups in search of a better understanding of the national characteristics and racial psychology of other groups. For one thing is certain, and that is, however much the nations of the earth may differ in character, speech, manners, and customs, the folk poetry and folk-song of all countries is based upon enduring human traits, and men have the same fundamental outlook upon life whether they come from Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strands. It is in the folk-song that we hear the deep, booming diapason of the folk soul, and the finely attuned ear may catch the faint overtones as they grope their way out of the depths, coloring and enriching the mother tone but leaving no doubt as to the basic origin.

They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit



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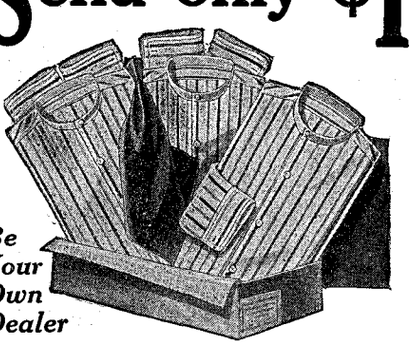

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THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

BY THE WAY

A despatch headed "Jerez, Spain," states that the workers in the wine cellars of that place have struck for a fifty per cent increase in wages. It is interesting even in these days, when wines have mainly an antiquarian interest in America, to note that Jerez, sometimes spelled Xeres, is the original home of the "sherry" that was once a familiar word with the wine merchant, and often appeared on the saloonkeeper's signboard in the seductive combination "sherry cobbler."

An interesting chart made by Mr. Richard F. Bach, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, illustrates the fluctuations in "good taste" in decorative art and architecture since the year 1800. At that time the fine mahogany furniture and the Colonial houses of our forefathers were at their best. Then machinery came in to displace hand work, and "good taste" declined till 1870, when the influence of William Morris arrived and an upward turn in the chart of taste began to show itself. The World War stopped this with its demoralization of workers and its development of the parvenu class. An upward turn, however, is hopefully predicted.

The elderly woman roused herself with a jerk as the train approached the station, says "Harper's." "Where are we, Harry?" she asked. "I don't know, grandma," replied the little boy. "But didn't the brakeman say something just now?" "No. He just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed." "Harry, quick, help me with these things," she exclaimed; "this is Oshkosh."

The lively editor of "Tonics and Sedatives" in the "Journal" of the American Medical Association publishes the following lines signed by S. A. S. (possibly a misprint for A. S. S.?):

Babies have rabies
And scabies—not tabes;
But I prefer Hades
To rabies or scabies
Or tabes or babies.

The editor replies:

He who'd prefer Hades
To rabies or scabies
Or tabes or babies,
Has probably tabes
Or rabies—not babies.

New Yorkers are sometimes thought to be egotistical in their mental attitude toward other places; if this is true, they will find a lesson in this anecdote published in the "American Legion Weekly:"

"Over in a Yank hospital in France a boy from 'way down in the Ozarks was going over in his mind the journey from home. He stuck his head from under the sheets long enough to put a question to his neighbor.

"'Say, Buddy, what's the name of that thar town where we sailed from?'

"'Hoboken?'

"'No, that other place.'

"'New York.'

"'That's it. I never could remember all them thar names.'"

A humorous contemporary publishes under the heading "Some Vital Spots" these headlines from current newspapers: "British Shoot Indian Rebels in the Punjab," "Hazelwood Man Shot through the Window." To these "spots," if we were hypercritical, might be added the famous

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message, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

A book about southern France contains this curious note about a practice of cutlery-grinders in the old town of Thiers, an important seat of that trade: "Most of the numerous factories here are paper-mills and workshops for polishing scissors and knives. Some of the polishers, who work lying flat on their faces, have trained dogs sitting on their backs to keep them warm." This is a novel use for "hot dogs," which in America are employed to comfort the inner rather than the outer man.

The Hon. Champ Clark tells a story about Private John Allen, once a member of the House of Representatives, who made an amusing appeal to the House for a land grant to a girls' college in Mississippi. One sentence in Allen's speech "brought down the House." It was this: "Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, that school is maintained for the benefit of a lot of the loveliest female girls the world ever saw." The House couldn't resist this appeal, and Private Allen got the grant.

One does not usually find examples of family longevity cited in the obituary columns of the newspapers, and the following paragraph from a Rhode Island paper has therefore an unexpected interest:

> Captain Benjamin Franklin, 81 years old, long active in the Republican politics of southern Rhode Island, died suddenly yesterday at his home in Westerly, on the sixty-fourth anniversary of his wedding. He is survived by his widow, six children, and several grandchildren, no death having occurred in the family in sixty-four years.

Another obituary notice of considerable interest concerns the death of Judge Richard S. Tuthill, of Chicago. Judge Tuthill is said to have once made a judicial decision, in a suit between an author and a publisher, affirming that Lord Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Many keen minds have been fascinated by the Baconian theory, as is evidenced by the fact that about five hundred books and pamphlets have been written in advocacy of the theory, but probably Judge Tuthill's was the only legal pronouncement on the case—and who knows but a higher court would have upset it!

The unrestful conditions of life in a great city are amusingly typified in this skit from a metropolitan paper:

Elderly lady entering taxicab—"Driver, please go slowly, for I am very nervous. I am just in from Hohokus and this is the first time I have ever been in a taxi."

Driver—"Lady, you have nothing on me in the way of nervousness. This is the first time I have ever driven a taxicab."

The mystery of the disappearance of Ambrose Bierce, the author and journalist, who has been missing since 1915, receives a new solution in the assertion by a special writer for the San Francisco "Bulletin," lately returned from Mexico, that Bierce was put to death by a Villista firing squad near the village of Camoli, on the trail to Monterey. Several other explanations have been offered from time to time to account for the sudden disappearance of the author, and at one time it was believed that he had escaped from Mexico and had been seen in his old haunts.

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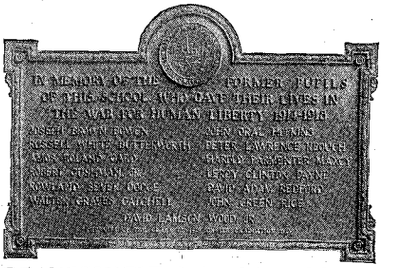

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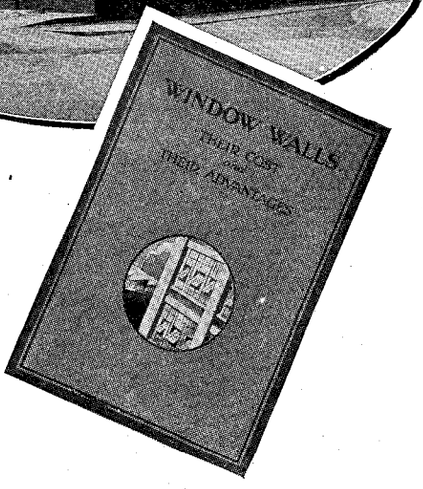

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